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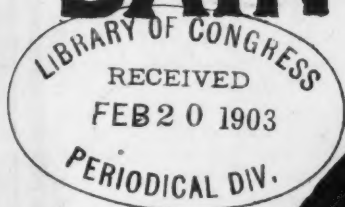
PRICE 5 CENTS

THURSDAY
February 19, 1903

THE MIRROR

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A
WEEKLY MAGAZINE

The Mirror

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ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1903.

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The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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The February number of the *Valley Magazine* has made its appearance. If you know what is good in periodical literature, you want to buy this number at once. It is of artistic make-up and its list of contents well above the current standard of monthly magazines. *The Valley Magazine* is the "real thing." Price five cents the copy.

THE EDITOR IN NEW YORK

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

ONE is not in New York City half a day until he feels the undercurrent of opposition, if not hostility to Roosevelt. He is no hero to the Gothamite, or, if he is, he is "only that and nothing more." The "man in the street," especially if it be Wall street, distrusts Roosevelt. Fifth avenue doesn't care much for him, because strenuousness is "bad form." The Bowery and the East Side generally do not like him, because they don't get anything from him. They want "bread and the circus." They care infinitely more for "Dry-Dollar" Sullivan, who can get them into jobs or "out of hock."

New York is money-mad. It is anxious only that prosperity shall continue. It feels that Roosevelt is unsafe, that he is likely to do something that will interfere with prosperity. New York has but one god—he is incarnate in J. Pierpont Morgan. When Morgan bats an eye, New York has universal ophthalmic convulsions. On the day the President appeared at the Exchange, business in speculative markets was suspended and there were thousands of ears glued to telephones in brokers' offices, awaiting news as to how Morgan greeted the President. When Morgan grasped the President's hand in both his own, and the scene was reported over the wires, all speculative Gotham felt that everything was all right.

But Morgan doesn't like Roosevelt. Not a little bit. He tolerates the President. He was offended at the President's interference in the coal strike. He didn't like the way Roosevelt treated the Rockefeller telegrams to Senators, telling them what not to do on the trust question. Morgan doesn't like the way Roosevelt talks. Every time Roosevelt first talks on a question, what he says intimates action, and often drastic action. He goes at things as if he were going to eat them up, but the mastication never comes off. Some one from headquarters—No. 1 Wall street is headquarters for the universe these days—heads off the President. Some one tells him that he must not do this or must do that to give security to the business interests. Some one tells him this, and that some one is generally some one who has a strong swing in the Republican party and in Congress, and can make trouble for Roosevelt. This thing of having to keep Mr. Roosevelt's acts from chiming harmoniously with his words is annoying to "the business interests." As feels Morgan, so feel all the big brokers, the big railroad men, the big manufacturers, the big importers. They think Roosevelt is too apt to do something that "will disturb present conditions." They feel that they can possibly keep him straight during this term, but they have an intuition that he will "take the bit in his teeth" if he reaches the White House for a second term. They don't want him to have a second term. They feel that he has captured the imagination and the emotions of the country to an extent sufficient to render it impossible to prevent his nomination next summer, but they are living in hope that they may be able to prevent his re-election.

And here is where the hope of the Democrats comes in. They are banking heavily upon the theory that the big interests which, in the past, have contributed so greatly to the success of the Republican party, by their contributions, will refuse to contribute again if Roosevelt be nominated. They are not sure that the big

interests will give money in aid of the Democratic campaign, but they will be notified if no money is given to the Republican managers. If the Republicans have no money from Wall street and its allied interests, the Republicans cannot carry "the doubtful States." The Democrats can carry those States under those conditions, and they can carry them with a candidate who is not thoroughly in accord with Bryanism. New York is the chief of the doubtful States, and therefore the Democrats who want to win are figuring that the Democratic candidate must be a New York man. New York thinks that Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan probably, and some other wabbling States will follow a New York leader who is "safe."

New York's man is Judge Parker. You hear nothing but Parker in the hotel corridors and cafés. Parker it will be, unless something snaps, or slips a cog. Parker is a high-toned lawyer. He "took his medicine"—that is, he swallowed Bryan—in 1896 and 1900—yet he is not a free-silver man. He says he voted for Bryan on both occasions. This will satisfy the regulars all over the country. So good an authority as Colonel Joseph K. Rickey, of St. Louis, Washington, New York and everywhere, thinks Parker would be satisfactory to Mr. Bryan. Col. Rickey is very close to Mr. Bryan. I saw them talking together today (Sunday) at the Victoria Hotel. Mr. Bryan made a rattling good speech at the Waldorf-Astoria last night and was very well received, the hosts being the New York Press Club, and his toast being "The Man Without the Hoe—press," in other words, the editor of the weekly paper. It was a very clever and effective appeal to the country, through the country editor, and it will tell before very long. It will be found that this very speech will prevent the utter elimination of Mr. Bryan as a party leader. Mr. Bryan says, in an interview in this (Sunday) morning's *Journal*, that he is not a candidate, but his country editor speech is the stuff that means that the reorganized Democracy "will have to do business" with Mr. Bryan before he will permit them to win.

Judge Parker is David B. Hill's man. That is against him to a great extent. Croker, though living in England, is still boss of New York, and Croker's hatred of Hill has not in the least abated. A close friend of the Wise Man of Wantage told me the other evening that Parker would not be "put over the plate" if Croker could prevent it. This man said that, of course, things might be fixed up between Croker and Hill on some basis that would let Croker in on the distribution of patronage in the event of Democratic National success, but that if present plans carried, Croker would put up a stunning big man for Governor and elect him. That man would be given rein enough to permit him to make a showing of independence of Tammany dictation, and this would give him fame as another Tilden or another Cleveland, throughout the country, which would make him an available candidate for President. I confess that this seems a little far-fetched, but one has to bear in mind that Croker is an Indian who never forgives or forgets and that he often finds the long way around to be the shortest route home.

There is no doubting the Republican lukewarmness towards President Roosevelt in the East. He doesn't seem to have strengthened himself materially anywhere, except among "the nigger-lovers" in Massachusetts. The Quigg-Lessler scandal hasn't helped the party in power. Governor Odell still lives in hope that

The Mirror

providential lightning may strike him. Senator Platt is not in love with Roosevelt. On every hand you hear that Odell has made a first-rate Governor. Opinion upon that point is as unanimous as is the opinion in St. Louis that Rolla Wells is the best Mayor St. Louis ever had. Roosevelt's friends in New York City are not liked. They are not in touch with the people. Even where the President has yielded to the practical politicians, he has not tied himself up with the vote-getters. He is fearfully "shy" on effective "boosters." The New York "press" does not take him seriously. There is a covert sneer at him even in the approving editorials about him in the *Tribune*, the *Evening Post*, the *Times*, the *Press*, *Harper's Weekly*. Coming to this city from the West, one cannot help a feeling of surprise at the small regard in which the President is held, personally. There is no glamour about him here. He is regarded as a smart boy might be regarded, and his very smartness,—preciosity, you might call it—is an element that makes for distrust of him. These days in New York, to any one who is anything of a mixer, are enough to make it seem very doubtful that Mr. Roosevelt has such a lead-pipe "cinch" upon the next National election. And the doubt is not least strong in the mind of one who comes here with a sincere admiration for the President as a man and an official. If he has the least bit of Democratic blood in his veins, he cannot help feeling that Democracy still has a chance to win, and that Democratic principles may triumph again, for Mr. Roosevelt's moves against the trusts are all beginning to appear like "plays to the galleries," yet strong enough to displace the trusts, and they must be valuable as hints to the Democracy for future procedure. If the Democrats get in they will know how to hit the trusts—but, unfortunately, as all I have written here thus far must indicate, the scheme as outlined by "the controllers of the situation" involves the election of men who will not hit the trusts as Mr. Roosevelt pretends to do.

Morgan is Master. Aligned with him are the great interests of every State in the Union. Those interests are afraid of Roosevelt. They will take a chance on a Democrat who will not "go looney" on the line of Democratic opposition to existing business and financial conditions. The money of the country is ready to go with the Democracy, for once. Whether that be a good thing, on broad ethical consideration, need not be argued here. I am talking of the situation, as it strikes me here, after dipping into various circles in which politics is either all of business or a very vital part thereof.

Another surprise for the visitor to New York who takes an interest in politics is the revelation of feeling concerning the President's attitude on the negro question. It is undeniably true that, as they say in the street, "Roosevelt is in bad on this question." He has come forth, to the general thinking, for *social equality* for the negro. That will not do. Even the New York *Sun* gags at that and tells Mr. Roosevelt that he goes further on that question than did Mr. Lincoln. It quotes Lincoln copiously in maintenance of its position. It shows even that Lincoln was not quite ready to "go the whole hog" in the matter of political equality for the negro. New York always was pro-Southern in its sympathies, even though it did send the Sixty-ninth and the Zouaves to the front in 1861. Southern sentiment is still strong here socially, and, therefore, in a business and political way. The aristocratic sentiment is strong here, and that sentiment is inimical to Mr. Roosevelt's social equality tendencies. The President's appointments of negroes to office in communities antagonistic to negroes is equivalent to a determination to force into a man's house a man or woman whom he does not wish to have there. It is a violation of

ordinary politeness. So New York feels, and President Roosevelt might have felt something sting him, too, if he had been present at the Press Club reception last evening and heard the applause that greeted Senator Tillman when that worthy spoke on "the nigger question," and skillfully, if brutally, pilloried the President as an advocate of social equality. The social equality issue is one that the President cannot well dodge. It is one in which his attitude is at variance with that of every sane American. He cannot get away from the *argumentum ad hominem*—do you want the negro in your home on an equal footing with yourself?

Decidedly, Mr. Roosevelt is not so popular in the East as some of us in the West have been led to suppose. Decidedly, too, his lack of popularity is not in the "hupper suckles" alone. The mention of his name in a packed house at a vaudeville show, the other evening, hardly "got a hand." Of course, New York City chiefly remembers Mr. Roosevelt as a reformer. It was not enthusiastic for him when he was fresh from San Juan hill. His majority when elected Governor was not paralyzing in extent. Gotham never remembers kindly those who attempt to put it in a strait-jacket, and it still holds against Roosevelt the memories of dry Sundays and a juiceless "Tenderloin" in the days when he was a Police Commissioner.

New York is very sick of reform. It does not hold Mayor Low in high regard. Everywhere you go you are told that the reform administration of the city is a flat failure. It doesn't matter whether you inquire on this matter at the Netherlands or the Savoy, or at Little Hungary, down in Houston street; the reply is always the same, to the effect that New York is not New York under reform auspices. The reformers have done nothing but "bluff." They have not "made good" on a single bluff. They are always found "holding deuces." New York never struck me before as being quite so dirty as it is to-day and I have been here many times, when Tammany had not only its nose, but all four feet in the trough. The streets don't seem so clean as they were. The police don't seem to be any more efficient in "suppressing vice." You still find the newspapers wondering if the "graft goes higher up" than the police captains. General Greene is trying to put the police on a military basis, but though he treats the town to a bi-weekly shake-up of the force, the shake-ups don't produce tangible results other than the inconveniencing of people who want drinks after one o'clock in the morning or on Sunday. There are raids upon gambling houses, but they are farces. District Attorney Jerome is always threatening to do reformatory "stunts," but they never materialize. He doesn't get the "big guns" in gambling, or the "main guys" who "protect" other forms of vice. Mr. Jerome is what "the boys" call, "a four-flusher." When you mention his name "they just laugh." He is thought to be a rather poor imitation of Mr. Roosevelt. He is not one-tenth as successful a reformer as St. Louis' own Joseph Wingate Folk, although Mr. Jerome has the assistance of Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, as Mr. Folk has of Dr. Boyd in St. Louis. Parkhurst and Boyd—*pax nobile fratrem!* Mayor Low's administration is spineless in the extreme. He doesn't seem to dare say that his soul is his own. He seems to be trying to straddle all issues. He is a failure because his academic theories are in irreconcilable conflict with the facts of life as it is lived in New York City. He puts up a good talk, but when you bring him to the test implied in the query "What has he done?" Mayor Low is most stentoriously in the vocative. Everything that is being done for the Greater New York had its inception under Tammany. Everything that the New Yorker likes flourished under Tammany. Everything that is not to the ingrained

New Yorker's liking in present conditions is attributed to the reformers. The streets are not as clean as they were under Tammany. The town is just as open as it was under Tammany, but not widely and frankly open as the New Yorker likes it. The "graft" has not been abolished anywhere. The crooks find the place a soft snap as of yore. The police are said to be more inefficient than they were. The New Yorker, whether Republican or Democrat, is inclined, whenever vicarism presents itself, to reiterate Asa Bird Gardiner's famous ejaculation, "To Hell with Reform!" To the "rank outsider," like myself, New York seems superficially much the same as ever. If you are "in the know" you "can get any game you want." It is only when you get next the dyed-in-the-wool Gothamite that you realize that there is some sort of repression or suppression in the atmosphere that is displeasing to the broad-gauge spirit of the people. They are all thanking their stars that the present state of things cannot last, that Tammany is certain to come into power again—yes, and that a reinstated Tammany means a reinstated Croker, even if he is an exile and living like an English squire on an English estate. Croker still bosses Tammany. His henchmen control the organization absolutely. That is now admitted on all sides. This may mean to some of the dilettanti of politics all over the country the reintrenchment and reenthronement of "the power of evil," but the New Yorker doesn't care for that view of politics. What he longs for is the return of the days when the motto of New York was "live and let live." This being the case, the outsider, who doesn't notice any particular difference between the New York of to-day and the New York of a few years ago, wonders what will happen when the restoration comes. Will the old town break loose as London did when it ridded itself of the Puritan incubus? What a hot time there will be!

For the rest of one's impressions of New York one may say briefly that the St. Louisan feels very much at home here in knocking about the streets. In the first place, the air is as smoky as in St. Louis—due to the use of soft coal as a result of the shortness of the anthracite supply. In the second place, one meets so many St. Louisans of note. You find yourself hot on the trail of David R. Francis and Mayor Wells and City Counselor Bates, and you'll find—even if you have been criticizing D. R. F., as I have been, on his World's Fair management—that he is a pretty big man in the opinion of people here, and that if he makes the World's Fair a big "go," he may be nominated for President at a Democratic convention held during that Fair at St. Louis. You hear down in Wall street that "Jim" Campbell is doing things of note in railways and financiering, that affect the general situation not a little, and that B. F. Yoakum, president of the Frisco, is the one conspicuous figure in splendid railroad management that recent conditions have produced. You see Mr. Campbell and Mr. Yoakum, and Senator Bailey, of Texas, in close confabulation at lunch, in the Waldorf-Astoria, and over to the side a little Julius S. Walsh in consultation with a lot of men who look like nothing but money. It seems that a page races through the rotunda every half minute crying out the name of Richard C. Kerens, and he darts this way and that with his kind face ever lit with a smile, and his manner ever affable and bland. John Scullin drops in with that simple, innocent air of his and talks mysteriously with Harris, the partner of John W. Gates. Dr. J. J. Lawrence is a familiar personage to all the moguls that gather at the great caravanserai, and they all listen when "he tells them," for he is noted for the shrewdness of his ideas, even if he is old-fashioned in some things. W. P. Smythe, our United States agent at Hull, England, is dining tonight with Mr. P. J. Cunningham, the great St. Louis

woolen merchant, and ex-Congressman Charles F. Joy is even more at home and more generally liked about the Waldorf than he is about the Southern in St. Louis. George W. Parker seems a very busy man in the corridors, too, and he looks as if he were glad that Rolla Wells beat him in the race for the Mayoralty. Harry W. Walker, editor of *The New Yorker*, an old St. Louis boy, is undoubtedly possessed of an acquaintance with more New Yorkers and with more celebrities from all over the country than any other flaneur in the city, and if you tell anybody off-hand that you know Augustus Thomas, the playwright, well enough to call his "Gus," you are "in it" at once. You bump into St. Louisans everywhere, and they are always right where there is "something doing." You find that St. Louis is rather more "on the map" than it was even a year ago or eight months ago. There is a decided interest in the World's Fair, and if you can tell any little incident within your personal knowledge of any of the figures in the great boodle scandal you are sure of an audience. Senator-elect Stone walked into the Hoffman House the other evening, and there must have been two dozen men waiting for him, all of them of an appearance indicating that they amounted to something, and their manner equally indicative that they felt that Stone was a personage to whom it were well to show deference. Yes, the St. Louisan in New York is not lost in a great city.

There is more to write of New York from the standpoint of a visiting feuilletonist, and the *MIRROR*'s readers shall have it in doses not too large and not wholly disagreeable pending the writer's return to the World's Fair City.



REFLECTIONS

Insufficiency of Knowledge

IS a spiritual renaissance approaching? Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian mystic, thinks it is. And other leading thinkers voice the same thought. They declare that materialism is on the defensive all along the line of modern intellectual endeavor; that the statements and promises of scientists no longer evoke unstinted, credulous enthusiasm; that the opinion is growing that nothing essential, nothing of the mystery of life, of the why and wherefore, has yet been proved. Scientific results, so far obtained, have only deepened the mystery that surrounds us. They have led to decide superficial progress, to a better knowledge of phenomena, but not brought us any nearer to a solution of the mystery which constantly tempts and tantalizes our knowledge-hungry and darkly-perceiving mind. Material achievements there have been many in the last fifty or hundred years. We possess more, we enjoy more, we know more of the tangible and reachable, but this increased possession, enjoyment and knowledge has only whetted our spiritual appetite for the intangible unreachable. The more we reflect upon the achievements of modern civilization, the more we realize the littleness, the futility, the emptiness of things material, which are the end-all and the be-all of merely earthly human endeavor and strife. What do things of this kind amount to, after all? They neither give satisfaction to our real self, nor have the attribute of permanence. We take them, simply because we need them, or because they tickle our feelings of selfishness, pride and vanity. The most intense and most slavish worshiper of the fetish of earthly possessions has, or must have, if he has any glimmer of intelligence, moments of revelative introspection, when he sees the bottomlessness of the awful pit which is forever yawning and ready to swallow up all the boasted material and intellectual glories of mankind, and to bridge and cross which will ever be utterly beyond the capabilities of

the mere breathing clod of human animalism. It is in such moments, when we imagine to see a faint reflection of the flashlight of the real, of the infinite, that we realize the fine potency and lasting truth of Paul's words: "For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." It would seem that the intense, relentless pursuit of material things, which has been, and still is, characterizing this industrial and scientific age, is slowly bringing about a spiritual revival that will finally assume a scope and lead to results far beyond present expectations and superior to anything of the kind chronicled in the annals of history. It must not be presumed from the prevalence of skepticism and atheism at the present time, that the life spiritual, or, to speak more popularly, religious feeling, has permanently lost its importance in the affairs of human life. There are indubitable symptoms that the religious nature of man is still very much of a potent, shaping force, and that it is about ready once more to assert itself in most decisive fashion. Skepticism is constantly losing ground. A close study of scientific results has engendered the opinion among unprejudiced, thinking people that there is really no conflict between the axiomatic dogmas of Christianity and the many theories or discoveries of science. Where positive science ends, there religion begins. Religion is avowedly based on faith, and so are the ultimate theories of science. Darwinism, for instance, is, after all, as much a matter of faith, as the Divine authorship of the Bible. Strictly considered, there is practically nothing in this earthly life that is really known, that is not, in some way or other, growing out of, or connected with, or based on faith. Much has been said against the foolishness of believing in the working of miracles. Ever since Hume argued so brilliantly and profoundly in favor of his assertion that the most startling miracle is in perfect accord with the workings of Nature, there has been a large number of skeptics who peremptorily dismissed miracles from the field of possibilities, and stigmatized them as stories fit only for children and old women. Yet, in his leading work, such a great, present-day authority on matters of this kind as Professor Harnack, of the Berlin University, makes the statement that while we do no longer believe that the earth in its course stood still, or that a she-ass spoke, or that a storm was quieted by a word, we do not summarily dismiss as an illusion that "the lame walked, the blind saw and the deaf heard." Scientific progress has taught us conclusively that we know practically nothing that is really worth knowing; that we cannot decide, off-hand, that this is possible and that impossible. What is known as faith is still the underlying, lasting force in our moral and intellectual knowledge. The systems which philosophers build up laboriously are, thoughtfully considered, but systems. They mean nothing and end in nothing. We like to read and to study them, to follow the infinite windings of fancy and thought, but when we come to the finish, the haunting quotation passes through our mind that "there are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."



Milk Inspection

CITY CHEMIST TEICHMANN, in his recently submitted report, states that out of a total of two hundred and seventy-four samples of milk collected and analyzed, since November 21, 1902, under the new inspection ordinance, fifty-four samples were found impure or below the standard, and, therefore, made the subject of prosecution. These figures demonstrate to everybody's satisfaction that the ordinance has justified itself as a safeguard of public health. A continued strict enforcement of its provisions should, before a great while, show its beneficial effects very palpably in

the city's vital statistics, especially in the table of infant mortality. The importance of rigid milk inspection and of a constant surveillance of sanitary conditions in dairy-establishments is now fully recognized in the health departments of every large city. Only a few weeks ago, it was reported from France that medical authorities were about to institute relentless warfare against unsanitary dairies and bad, impure milk. The new milk ordinance in St. Louis appears to be comprehensive and sensible in its clauses and productive of good results. This being the case, the city officials have every reason to continue enforcing it in a systematically thorough and impartial manner.



A Good Selection

THE head of the newly-created Department of Commerce and Labor, Mr. George B. Cortelyou, is a capable, experienced and broad-minded official. The President has done well in giving him, and the Senate in confirming, the appointment. No better selection could possibly have been made. Mr. Cortelyou, it is reasonable to expect, will prove as efficient and faithful in the important services which he is to render to the public hereafter, as he did in the discharge of his comparatively minor duties in the White House since 1895. His long training has made him familiar with routine affairs or the mere technical side of his new position, and given him valuable, practical knowledge of matters economic and sociological.



Moral Reform

WHAT a howl they are raising over the admission of Smoot, the Mormon apostle, to the United States Senate! Polygamy is certainly a most objectionable anachronism in American civilization, but it is open to question whether it is any worse than political corruption as personified by Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania. If the Mormon apostle is a disgrace to the Senate, he is no more so than the Eastern arch-corruptionist. Our sticklers for moral cleanness are making a mistake in confining their frenzied attention to one sore spot only. If they are so anxious for reform, let them "reform it altogether."



Hitting Trusts

THE Standard Oil Trust made a crass blunder in sending telegrams to several members of the Senate at Washington containing energetic protests against the Nelson amendment to the bill creating the new Department for Commerce and Labor, for the telegrams have created bad blood and only resulted in an expedition of the passage of the objectionable amendment. Among the many anti-Trust bills which have been introduced in Congress since the first of December, there is, apparently, none that at any time excited any special fear or resentment in Trust quarters. The reason for this is that they are either injudiciously framed, or else fathered by persons whose hostility to monopolies is merely feigned or skin-deep. Monopolistic apathy was, however, quickly galvanized into strenuous activity and action, when the amendment above referred to was offered in the Senate. As soon as it leaked out that there was no serious objection to it, telegrams began pouring in at an unprecedented ratio, and from all sides, the Rockefeller interests being, of course, the most industrious in frantic appeals to friends or hangers-on in Congress to block the amendment's passage. What is the nature of this so much opposed amendment? It provides that there shall be, in the new Department of Commerce and Labor, a Commissioner of Corporations, vested with power and authority to make diligent "investigation into the organization, conduct and management of the business of any corporation, joint stock company or corporate combination engaged in commerce among the

several States and with foreign nations, excepting common carriers, . . . and to gather such information and data as will enable the President of the United States to make recommendations to Congress for legislation for the regulation of such commerce, and to report such data to the President, from time to time, as he shall require, and the information so obtained, or as much thereof as the President may desire, shall be made public." From the above it will be seen that the purpose of the amendment is to provide for publicity in corporate affairs, for investigation into capitalization and scope and nature of business. The amendment is a tentative, though quite perceptible, approach to the British Companies' Act. It is in close accord with the recommendations made by the President from time to time, and evidence of a really sincere effort to curb some of the evils of monopoly and stock-inflation from which the country has been, and still is, suffering in a very aggravating manner. It goes almost without saying that none of America's interstate monopolies can afford to have much light thrown on its methods of doing business and of keeping investors in the dark in regard to earnings and value of securities. Take the American Sugar Refining Company, for instance. This Havemeyer Trust has, at no time in its history, furnished any sort of reliable information to its stockholders. Its attitude towards investors has ever been: "Take your dividends and shut up." And yet the Trust's shares are daily sold on the New York stock exchange to confiding people who are under the impression that dividend payments will always be made and that the Trust is conservatively and honestly managed. So far as the Standard Oil Trust is concerned, it is much the same. The man who invests his money in the shares of this king of Trusts becomes a member of a "blind pool," who has no right to ask for information and whose interests are at the mercy of reigning insolent Moguls. Considering that our Trusts are and have been organized principally for the purpose of stock inflation and for attracting the shekels of investors, it certainly does seem highly desirable to have publicity of business methods and clear, frank statements of earnings. Railroad corporations have long since, and willingly, acceded to popular demand for information as to earnings and business policy, so why should industrial corporations still make it a practice to shun the light of publicity? Intelligently considered, it would seem as though the furnishing of full information could not but benefit industrial concerns in the end and enhance the value of securities in the eyes of investors. In this age of rapid dissemination of news, intense curiosity among the people and delicate and highly complex financial and commercial relations, there is no longer any excuse for any corporation that pretends to do an honest business along honest lines, and that invites the confidence and savings of investors, to withhold needed and pertinent information as to its affairs. In view of all this, the protests lately filed against the Nelson amendment by the representatives of many of our leading Trusts must be regarded as plain and direct proof that publicity in the affairs of interstate corporations has become a crying need of the hour. A rigid enforcement of the provisions of the amendment will go a long way towards stopping the worst kind of manipulation and watering of stock and an outrageous fleecing of innumerable innocent investors, not to mention the difficulties it will throw in the path of unscrupulous corporations which deem it as nothing constantly to violate the laws and to raise the prices of the necessities of life to millions of helpless consumers. It now rests with the National Administration to prove its sincerity in avowing hostility to monopolies and all schemes of stock-jobbing by insisting upon full exercise of the authority conferred by the Nelson

amendment. Any shirking of duty or opportunity, or any lukewarmness in the conduct of investigations or legal proceedings, will at once be taken as convincing proof that all this anti-trust talk was mere buncombe and rhodomontade, a meaningless play to the political galleries. Of course, there is a possibility that the Federal courts will eventually emasculate the amendment and make it perfectly harmless in effect, and this possibility suggests the suspicion whether the energetic protests by Trusts against the passage of the amendment may not, after all, have been a mere feint, a trick to deceive the public into a belief that the Trusts considered themselves at last imperilled, while, in fact, they had already received assurance from astute lawyers that the clauses of the amendments would, sooner or later, be knocked out by the courts.



The Same Old Thing

Now that the Venezuelan dispute has been referred for final settlement to the learned jurists of the Hague Tribunal, it is to be expected, of course, that Castro will soon have a few more revolutions on his hands, and resume taxing his "fellow-citizens" to the old tune of greed and grab. Our yellow press shriekers and gushers, who "threw fits" every time one of the cruisers of the allied powers moved an inch closer to the Venezuelan shore, will soon set up their old howls again over disorder in Castro's "glorious Republic" and tyrannical interference with Yankee mining corporations by eristic, fanfaronading Castro and his half-breed minions. However, American honor and prestige, which our saffronists thought were at stake ever since last fall, have been preserved, and dear, little Castro, the "hero" of South America, has been enabled to maintain his "cinch" upon his precarious job and the shrinking pocket-books of his fellow-citizens."



The Macedonian Revolt

THAT Macedonian agitation must be worrying the life out of old Abdul Hamid. While the news is probably exaggerated, there is no longer any reason to doubt the seriousness of the situation in the Balkans and the determination of the various racial elements of Macedonia to shake off the rule of the "unspeakable Turk." The recent visit of Count Lamsdorff, one of the Czar's advisers, to the troubled section, was undoubtedly made for the purpose of investigation into existing conditions and for assuring the leaders of the incipient revolt of Russia's sympathy and, possibly, active support. The inhabitants of the Balkans are, taken as a whole, of an excitable, emotional nature, and, for this very reason, hard to restrain when passion and fanaticism have once got the upper hand. It is admittedly the desire of European powers to maintain peace and the *status quo* on the disturbed peninsula, but this desire is put to such an unbearably severe test that armed intervention on the part of Austria and Russia may at any time become imperative. The revolutionists are, unquestionably, receiving moral and material aid from their many sympathizers in Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia and Greece, and confident that, when things should come to a real crisis, the Christian powers will not leave them in the lurch and in the awful grasp of the revenge-thirsty Moslem. Macedonia is within measurable distance of autonomy, or, if not that, of annexation to a neighboring State. Whether the outbreak of a real revolt and conflict between revolutionary forces and the Sultan's armies will seriously endanger the peace of Europe is doubtful. Late utterances of Premier Balfour and other European diplomats and publicists have made it clear that none of the chancelleries is really alarmed over the Balkan situation. Austria, Germany, Russia, France and Eng-

land are not anxious, at this time, to waste any powder on each other in efforts to restore a semblance of peace and order in the Sultan's revolted province. They all have too many irons in the fire to be desirous of going to extremes. It is quite within the probabilities that the Macedonians will eventually be pacified in the same manner that the Cretans were, some years ago. However, and no matter what the outcome may be of the present difficulties, the reign of the Turk in Europe is drawing to a close. The next few years may witness the evacuation of Constantinople by the Sultan's forces and the reappearance of the cross on the minaret of St. Sophia, after a lapse of more than four hundred years. The problem of an ultimate division of the Sultan's dominion and the possibilities of an armed conflict that this may provoke among the European powers, need not be considered at this time, although it must be admitted that it is already filling the minds of far-seeing statesmen with grave apprehensions and dire premonitions.



Prompt Relief Necessary

GOVERNOR TAFT has made another appeal to Washington for a prompt appropriation for the relief of the suffering classes of Filipinos, and still Congress refuses to act. This attitude of callous indolence is inexcusable. And it is unquestionably responsible for fresh revolutionary outbreaks in the vicinity of Manila. If Congress does not care to make a direct appropriation, it should at least enact that sort of currency legislation which the people of the archipelago are so much in need of and have frequently demanded. The merchants at Manila, a very intelligent and progressive class of men, are a unit in declaring that currency legislation is an imperative necessity. Failure to provide it at this session of Congress will further intensify the derangement of financial and commercial affairs, as well as the suffering of the lower classes of the Filipinos.



ROOSEVELT VS. MALTHUS

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

IN this dynamic age of acute strenuousness, President Roosevelt must certainly be regarded as one of the foremost leaders. He is very modern in his views; very ardent in his belief in the blessings of work, and almost superlatively enthusiastic in his optimistic predictions as to the future of civilization, but does it not seem to you as if there were something of the old-fashioned, the outlived in his late utterances relative to the duty of parents to propagate children? His solicitude over the future of the only "infant industry" that is, after all, the only one really worth protecting, is quite out of harmony with the sentiment that undoubtedly prevails in many modern American homes.

"Get children; the more the better!" This is the homely advice which the broncho-buster gives American mothers and fathers. And then he goes on bewailing the spread of Malthusian principles in the United States, and pointing out the radical change which has taken place during the last fifty years in the attitude of parents towards a question which is of the greatest moral, social and political importance. This policy of restricting the production of infants will end in no good, asserts President Roosevelt, for it will impair the hegemony of the native Anglo-Saxon-American race, and also undermine the foundations of our political institutions.

According to the philosopher in the White House, patriotism requires prolificness in reproduction. The more children parents have, the more they have a right to call themselves true patriots.

The parents who have none, or very few children, must be suspected of ingratitude towards a government that has allowed them to marry, to acquire a competency, and an opportunity to perpetuate themselves in a crowd of bairns. To waste an opportunity of this kind is highly censurable, nay, treasonable, for it implies the sinister intention to deprive the Nation of future workers and defenders. It is the solemn duty of parents to bestir themselves in efforts to keep the "infant industry" in a perpetually flourishing and gratifying condition. They must keep aloof from an adoption of the principles involved in Malthus' eunuchiae. They must obey natural instincts, the voice of Nature, the injunction uttered in the gray dawn of the world: "Multiply yourselves!"

One may be inclined to treat President Roosevelt's social philosophy in a spirit of bantering levity, yet there is, seriously considered, a lot of sound sense and wholesome advice in his late epistolary utterances. It cannot be denied that there is a disposition all too prevalent to regard the natural duties of married life with indifference and frivolity, not alone in this country, but also in France and England. Sexual reproduction is beginning to be considered from the standpoint of strict business, to be reduced to a dollar-and-cent level, or looked upon as something that should not be permitted to override the dictates of parental vanity and selfishness. Too many a modern father is afraid to obey the craving of his inner, true self, because by so doing he might imperil his economic prospects and income; be compelled to forego wordly pleasures and comforts and give what Francis Bacon considered "hostages to fortune." And many a wife shrinks back from becoming a mother, because motherhood might inconvenience her in all sorts of ways, or impair her physical charms and destroy a girlish figure, possibilities too frightful to contemplate.

That Malthusianism is spreading rapidly in this country is proved by governmental statistical figures. In 1850, the average size of the American family was 5.6; in 1900, it was only 4.7. The only State in which there has been a slight increase is North Dakota, but even there, no increase would have been recorded but for the influx of sturdy plebeian, bairn-loving immigrants. According to figures produced, the decrease in the size of the American families, in the last fifty years, is almost one to a family.

But for the hundreds of thousands of immigrants arriving every year, the birth-rate in this country would, perhaps, not be much above that of France. It is to the foreigner that our thanks are due for keeping us out of the class of "dying nations." The native Americans, or the many millions who consider themselves descendants of the few Mayflower excursionists, appear to have concluded that parenthood is an unprofitable state and task; that it is vulgar to have any or more than two children, and that the future greatness of the country is of less importance than personal comfort and pleasure or the circumference of the feminine waist.

President Roosevelt is on the right track in his crusade against Malthusianism. He should not let up in reminding American men and women that parenthood is the natural consequence of marriage; that a shirking of it leads to vice and to physical, moral and political decay. A high birth-rate may, according to the views of the most select social circles, be suggestive of vulgarity and ignorance, but it is, undoubtedly, most in accord with fundamental moral principles of sexology and the most indubitable symptom of racial virility and superiority. France, of the present day, is a highly cultured Nation. It is one of the leaders in art and literature and science. But it is, at the same time, in a state of national and racial decay, for its birth-rate is declining. All the splendors

and glories of an intensive civilization cannot hide the cankerous sore that is slowly eating away its very vitals.



THE MYSTERY OF EDEN

BY LESTER CROISSANT.

POOR woman! She has ever been the most beloved, the most admired, and, at the same time, the most maligned of terrestrial creations. At her door have been laid all sorts of faults and weaknesses, and offences against him who is generally supposed to be her liege lord—proud, vain, egotistical, overbearing, foolish man. Whenever anything occurs that smacks of the scandalous and the sensational, the cry goes up at once: "Look for the woman in the case!" As if man could never do wrong on his own hook, as if he never had sense or courage enough to let himself go once in a while without being urged to do it by a fair partner! Philosophers, poets and priests have flung criticism and abuse at her, and the mean male biped has stood by, on his hind legs, grinning and chuckling and greeting each censorious outburst with salvos of applause. Is this just?

Strange to say, woman has at no time made any attempt to justify herself. Down to this day she has maintained an attitude of mute resignation in the face of constant vilification. She has not even fallen foul of what is surely the crowning instance of man's dog-in-the-manger desire to clutch at the universe and monopolize the sidereal system—his shameless appropriation of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. For, no matter in whose throat it stuck, that apple was Eve's, if it was anybody's, and Adam had no right to call it his; still less to make it a distinguishing mark of his personal appearance.

Are not women, asks a writer in the London *Saturday Review*, curiously neglectful of both their rights and wrongs in the matter of Paradise Lost? There is hardly anything more inconceivable than their attitude towards Eve's apple, towards its thousand variants, such as the legend of the golden fruit of the Hesperides, of the apple of discord; towards, briefly, the world-wide tale of man's fall through woman. Whether they are believers or unbelievers of this creed or that, they never seem to trouble their heads about it. Yet it affects, or should affect, the very foundations of their position. It brings before them a question which loudly calls for an answer, and which must be answered before they can even so much as formulate a policy of their own.

Is this verdict of the world against woman true or untrue? True, man promptly replies, and has replied ever since Eve and Adam went to their first social function clad in fig-leaves. The world's verdict has been rendered in ever changing form. Most of us can recollect scores of these, from a "woman, a dog and a walnut tree, the more you whack at 'em, the better they be," to the Cornish fisherman's dictum that "women be like pilchards; when u'ms bad, u'ms bad, and when u'ms is good, u'ms is but middling."

Criticism of woman has ever assumed the tone of tender, pitying contempt. Goethe, it is true, in the assertion that "woman is mistress of the art of completely embittering the life of the person on whom she depends," touches the deeper blame of Tertullian's famous objurcation: "Woman! thou art the gate of hell"! As a rule, however, it is merely a shrug of the shoulders, a "*cherchez la femme*," while the last joke of a twentieth-century comic paper against a mother-in-law, a jealous wife, or an over-ardent old maid, is simply an echo of a jest that is as old as recorded time.

It may be urged that, since woman is apt to be a

trifle—say, unreasonable—isolated axioms, born, perhaps, of a passing irritation, should not be given undue weight, and that it is the spirit of literature, the underlying connection of the many which is the true estimate. But even this does not seem to men: matters. Many read the comic papers and grin over them. And as for the spirit of literature, let us take down the Globe edition of "Shakespeare." His women are said on all sides to be his masterpieces. They are received with acclaim as true and fair presentments by women themselves, and with justice. Broadly speaking, however, Shakespeare has but three distinct types: The loving, the jesting and the fighting woman. All three are represented in the first few plays, to which we can turn. *Miranda*; her character is summed up in the impulsive reply, "I have no ambition to see a goodlier man!" *Julia*, with her absorbing question, "which of them is worthiest love?" follows suit, and then there is *Silvia*, changing the type with her warning, "have done! have done, gentlemen, here comes my father!" The "Merry Wives" come next. Even sweet *Ann Page*, of whom it is asked, "whom means she to deceive, father or mother?" The comprehensive, complacent reply, "both," seems to arouse no surprise.

Finally comes *Isabella*, of the fighting, heroic type in a way, but still soft, molluscous at bottom, in her pleading for *Angelo* on the ground that

"His act did not o'ertake his bad intent
And must be buried but as an attempt
That perished by the way."

Nothing can be said against these women as they appear in the book. They are all very charming, very feminine, very lovable, but it seems that their charm lies, first, in loving, second, in jesting, and, third, in being something that women ordinarily are not. The women of Shakespeare forcibly remind us of the gentle *Amiel's* saying: "Women are the delight and the terror of men."

There is a quotation from Frazer's "Golden Bough," which seems pertinent to this discussion. It is that "it would be easy to prove, by a long array of facts, that the relation of man to woman is associated in the primitive mind with supernatural dangers, but the exact nature of these is still obscure. Perhaps time will disclose this central mystery of life."

The verdict of religion is no different. In all creeds it is held that something is wrong with womankind. Even in the Christian Church the Council of Mâcon met in the sixth century to decide if women really had souls. Mahomet makes them depend more or less on a man's coat-tails, Confucius on, well! another sort of tail, and the great Hindoo lawgiver, Manu, is not much more complimentary to the fair ones.

However, woman's attitude to all this is one of utter indifference. She is ready to be slightly remorseful over the idea of Eve's apple, and all that it involves, and quite as ready to smile indulgently over the half-contemptuous tenderness which conceals the bitterness of man's resentment. Now, what is the origin of this ancient, hoary tale of woman's weakness and of her having brought about man's irretrievable fall? Did man evolve it out of his inner consciousness? Even that is unsatisfactory. His inner consciousness must have been conscious of something. Say it was only physical weakness or our part—still there it is. Say it is physical, moral or mental degradation caused by centuries of slavery; still there it is. The degeneracy must have been acquired. In what way? Or why?

It is an enthralling mystery this, of woman's weakness and prehistoric offense. Despite years of emancipation, it still remains to vex, to humiliate and to perplex her. She may resent the imputation contained in the oldest apple story extant, but she cannot wipe it

out, and so she must continue meekly to bow her head, when innocent, suffering man, who never, of his own free will, can do wrong, accuses her of having been too fond of listening to serpentine flatteries and promises, and too willing to eat of the tempting fruit hanging on the tree of knowledge in the apple-orchard of Eden.



ABOUT CHILDREN

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

TO fix the balance of indebtedness, loyalty and duty as between parents and children is not so easy nor so sure a process as it would seem. Probably the popular and dominant idea among fathers and mothers is that their child owes all to them—that their children must look upon them with gratitude and cherish them with unfaltering love and unquestioning allegiance. Christian children have been taught that, next to God, their parents are entitled to their best respect and love. Christian parents, and Christian teachers, who are not parents, have clung to this dogma until it is admitted, at least tacitly, to be fundamentally important to the proper education of the young.

In the final analysis of life and its values, one is apt to confess that grief predominates over joy; that sorrow has outweighed pleasure; that this is a vale of tears; that "Man is of a few days and full of sorrow." And if this be so, why, prithee, is your child indebted to you for bringing him hither? Is your boy the result of a deliberate resolve to add one to the population of the world? And if so, what was the motive of your singular resolution? It is not incredible that he is the consequence of an uncalculated and unforeseen moment of selfish passion. Perhaps you wished to have a replica of yourself or of her; another worshiper at your shrine; another clinging mouth to kiss; another pleasure, pure but personal. If so, upon which side lies the debt?

My father was dead and buried many years before I began to realize the incomparable value of almost forgotten smiles, of gentle words grown vague and weak among the hardening influences of years; of old games that he played with me in the village where he was a strong man and I was a puny child. Parents have nothing of value to give to their children but love, and the mind and heart of childhood cannot measure or estimate this indescribably precious gift. Love is a matter of course to youth and is, therefore, of no special moment. Nature and all the world conspire to fondle the heart of a boy. Love is like the flowers in his native garden—to be had for the plucking. He makes nothing of the blossoms which strew his springtime pathway till the long winter comes and withered leaves of the far time lie cold in the snow or clatter in the frost-winds.

As between this wide-eyed, tender, pretty child of yours who comes to put red lips against your cheek, to lay a soft and dimpled hand in your brown palm, to whisper lispings nonsense into your bewitched ear, how stands the exchange? You caress him, you fondle his curls, you kiss him. Of joy do you give as much as you take of this sweet interchange? Some day, long hence, he will remember how you loved him, but the memory will only sting him with lingering poignancy. His tender memories of you will be not the least of his sorrows, nor, when his heart is famished for lack of that which he has come to prize above all things, can he call you back to take for himself that heritage that you owe him, that legacy of love which he toyed with in his childhood, but which slipped from him before he knew its worth.

The word of praise, the guerdon of reward, the

holiday that you spend with your child—are these, think you, drafts upon his gratitude? You feed and clothe him well, and, do you think that you have displayed some admirable quality? Once I heard a man speak thus of a friend who was not loyal to friends; who lied; who was cowardly:

"But he is a good man for all that; he takes care of his children and their mother!"

Does not a wolf nurture its young? Because you have fed and housed your children and set them upon the high road, do you think you have made yourself their creditor? Give them a wealth of money, you have not put them in your debt. Money will not turn back the flight of time; it will not buy love; it will not make reality a dream.

Once a frail, timid man, bathing in a river with his boy, saw the child, who was beautiful and adventurous, plunge thoughtlessly into a deep and treacherous eddy. And the man, who was a weak swimmer, was seized by a wild terror that the boy would drown, and becoming strong in his ecstasy of fear, struck boldly into the current to save his son. He saw the white limbs of the lad twisting and turning in the amber waters, and once a hand reached out of the current, clutching the bubbles, but the little body whirled away in the swift river and the man swam and dived, and dived and swam, for he was grown mighty with a passion of fright lest he lose his boy. And, at last, borne far down the rapids of the river and quite spent with swimming, the father seized the cold hand of the youth and dragged him out upon the sand, alive, but ghastly. The mother, when she saw them coming home half-drowned, and hearing of the adventure, fell upon her husband's neck, wept upon his breast and bade the boy thank God for a father who was brave and would risk his life for his son. But the man was ashamed and said:

"I am a coward. If he had drowned I would not have had the courage to live. I saved him for myself. He has known no sorrow yet, and if he had smothered in the water he would have missed all grief. I brought him back for myself. It is easier to drown than to live without love."

But the mother, who does not understand, still teaches her boy that he owes everything to his father.



WOMAN—A PUBLIC SERVANT

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

DESPITE the news that Kansas has just turned down the bill granting full suffrage to women, it is a significant fact that women are receiving fuller recognition in general public work than ever before. Not that the quiet and almost uncriticised defeat of the Kansas suffrage bill has anything to do with the matter, for it is only a straw upon the current of affairs which shows that woman suffrage is not the issue it once was and that it will become less of an issue as women settle into their natural positions in the work of the Nation. The same press dispatch which reports the defeat of the suffrage bill in Kansas, records the passage of Schermerhorn's bill "requiring that women attendants shall accompany all women who are consigned to either the penitentiary, the girls' industrial school or one of the State charitable institutions, preferably by a relative, the expense to be borne by the State." And in New York harbor, Uncle Sam is trying the experiment of sending women agents to meet the in-coming liners to protect the morals of unprotected young women in the first and second cabins. It has not been so many years since a police matron was an experimental appointment, and women sanitary inspectors are among the new order of things.

In each of these lines there is a special call for the

work of a woman, and in the establishment of juvenile courts it seems as if there should develop a peculiar need for her assistance. It looks as if the "sex problem"—as to a field of labor in public affairs—is settling itself, and, as things usually settle themselves, in a totally unexpected and most conservative way.

About a half a century ago, a few brainy women tackled the problem and stirred it up finely. To them it seemed that there was but one cure-all for all the legal ills that women were heir to, all the injustices that had for centuries made women either the playthings, pets or slaves of the stronger sex, and all the unjust legislation that ignored the property rights of the married women—just one cure-all—the ballot. For this they fought in the legislative halls of the Nation, for this they wrote and talked and spent themselves. "Give us the right to vote," they cried, "and all things else will follow."

It was the outlook of an extremist, and in the extreme object the movement was a failure, for to-day, woman, better educated, more powerful, and, with all fields open to her, is still without the ballot and cares less for it than ever. And yet, to-day, both among men and women, those very extremists who led the van in the so-called "emancipation of woman" movement are held in a juster, truer valuation than when they bore the heat and burden of the day.

They lost the ballot, but they started a wave of thought that vibrated across the continent and extended beyond the seas. It awakened men as well as women, and out of it has grown a revision of property laws and a fuller, newer life for woman.

It was not because the Nineteenth Century men were "total reprobates" and incarnate tyrants that certain laws had been allowed to discriminate against woman and to ignore her as a citizen; it was an old condition, handed down from a past of different needs and environments, and, no matter how progressive we think we are, it is a peculiarity of all humanity to almost unconsciously accept its Present from the Past. Our forefathers did it and we, too, do it, more than we think; witness our social prejudices, our class distinctions, our racial antagonisms and our religious differences!

And so, not in a volcanic upheaval of the power of suffrage, thrown pell-mell into hands not trained to hold it, has woman risen to her place in the Nation's work, but quietly and naturally is she slipping into the niches where, by very virtue of her sex, she is most needed. "Needed"—that is it, for only upon this foundation of need can any substantial career be built; all else is froth, and moonshine, and bubbles; the sounding brass of public clamor, the tinkling cymbals of idle tongues.



LOVE'S MIRACLE

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THIS not the touch of hands, 'tis not the light
Shining from eyes that tenderly do gaze
On the beloved face, 'tis not the praise
Of spoken words or sung, that may aright
Reveal the spirit's worship, these give sight
Of Love's fair flower and tender leafy sprays;
But Love's fruition must be found in ways
More subtly sought, and moods more recondite.

'Tis rather in the hours when far apart
From the dear sight of her whose very thought
Hallows the soul, the hours with memories fraught,
With yearnings filled, when to the eyelids start
Unbidden tears; Love's miracle then wrought
Touches with fire the altar of the heart.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

FINANCIAL IGNORANCE

BY LESTER.

IN spite of the spread of education, human gullibility is still bordering on the phenomenal. This was amply demonstrated by the disclosures made in connection with the downfall of turf investment companies in this city. Could there be anything more astounding than the naive, unlimited confidence with which people handed their small savings to concerns whose methods of doing business were known to be dangerously speculative, whose resources were constantly susceptible to enormous fluctuations, and whose standing was pre-eminently metaphysical? In spite of repeated warnings and of innumerable instances of the disastrous collapse of just such get-rich-quick concerns, there still remained thousands and thousands of people in nearly every State in the Union who actually believed that money could be safely invested and made permanently to earn five, ten or fifteen per cent a month.

In view of what has lately occurred, does it not seem reasonable to suggest that our children be taught the fundamental rules of finance and investment? Judging by their tales of woe and hard luck, the turf-investment victims must have had the veriest kindergarten notions of the value of money, and the possibilities of investment returns. If they had possessed any sort of axiomatic knowledge of matters of this kind, they would have known beforehand that nobody can pay, say, forty per cent a year, for any length of time, without violating the rules of honesty or conservatism.

The promises and statements made by these turf concerns were of the flimsiest and silliest nature. A careful reading of them should have sufficed to convince any intelligent mind of the great risk involved in investing money in schemes based on racing results, on open and notorious gambling. The turf investment companies made no secret of the nature of their business, although they designedly led the gullible and greedy mind astray by affirmations that they had solved the mystery of never making a mistake in picking out the winning horse.

The crash could have been foreseen long ago. It was inevitable. It would have occurred sooner but for the steadily increasing number of ignorant, credulous and reckless people who could not withstand the promises of large returns on a small amount invested. The turf investment scheme was in no wise ingenious. On its very face it bore the stamp of crude stupidity. There was no difference between it and the many other get-rich-quick schemes which have made their appearance in the last few years.

The current craze for speculation and gambling, for acquiring a fortune in the shortest time possible, no matter how, must be held responsible for these unfortunate affairs, which entail suffering and disappointments, and the sweeping away of many a hard-earned dollar. There have been so many newspaper tales of people who acquired riches while they slept or waited, who invested fifty dollars and in the end withdrew fifty thousand, that it is no wonder that the untaught, inexperienced person has become imbued with the idea that all that is necessary to accumulate wealth is to combine "nerve" with a few dollars, and then trust to luck.

It is to be hoped that the turf investment lesson will be taken to heart and not forgotten as speedily as is generally the case. At any rate, it should have impressed the public mind with the old maxim that the higher the rate of interest, the less secure is the investment.

But will the lesson be heeded? There is the rub.

For it seems to be one of the principal failings of the average human mind to believe the impossible, and to listen with a greedy ear to tales of how, through some sort of legerdemain process, a few dollars may be made to grow into thousands. It is passing strange that in this year of our Lord, 1903, thousands of people, in all walks of life, from that of the journeyman to that of the preacher and professor, may still be found willing to invest money in schemes which are even more stupid than were those of John Law. It must be a queer brand of intellectual culture that makes people susceptible to the promises of turf investment managers and disposed to believe that fortunes may be picked up on the race tracks.



THE PENDULE

BY JEAN RAMEAU.

"I LOVE you, Arlette!" he murmured, his brown eyes flashing forth a world of wild passion.

Arlette only sighed in response, and her heavy eye-lashes lowered themselves until they almost touched her soft damask cheek.

And then her sweet lips whispered, as softly as the summer zephyrs among the flowers, in hesitating syllables: "And I, Loys, I love you."

A solemn silence followed these words, a silence that suggested the eternity of human love. Loys tenderly pressed his lips upon Arlette's eyes, and then he stepped to the mantle, opened the exquisitely made pendule, and broke its delicate spring, so that it might not mark any other hour thenceforth but the present, the hour divine and unforgettable in which her little mouth had confessed the secret of her heart to him she loved . . .

(To Be Continued.)



The above conclusion of the daily installment of fiction in the literary supplement scored a pronounced hit. The gifted author of the story received a vast mass of correspondence the following morning all of which contained expressions of unrestrained enthusiasm over his intellectual brilliancy, his fine fancy and his profound psychological insight into the innermost recesses of the feminine heart.

One fair enthusiast wrote: "Oh, master! You alone understand the complex nature of woman." And then followed a rhapsody of overflowing praise that fairly made his head swim.

"How happy, dear master," gushed another, "how happy must be the Arlettes who meet men like Loys!"

But the letter which interested him most, and which expanded an odor no less intoxicating than that of a hedge of red roses, was the following:

"One of your most humble admirers, one whom you have often consoled in hours of despair and doubt, solicits the honor and pleasure of an interview. . . . You will make her infinitely happy by receiving her, tomorrow, between four and five in the afternoon. Are you willing? Oh, yes, of course you are! Deeply moved in heart, she will ring the bell and cross the threshold of your little room.

"A Timid Admirer."

The author experienced a feeling of intense pride and satisfaction and expectation. He gently stroked his silky, flowing beard, and finally said aloud: "Of course, I shall receive her, the dear, little woman." Great writers have, at times, laudable accesses of disinterested generosity.

The following day, when the time for the interview approached, he called his valet, and said:

"Edmond! I wish to impress it upon your mind that I am not at home for anybody after four o'clock, except for a lady who will undoubtedly call to see

me, and whom you will treat very deferentially and encouragingly, for she is extremely timid. Now go and bring me a little wine, of the sort I like best."

At last the bell rang. She must indeed be very timid, he thought, when he heard the faint sound, and then his fancy dreamed of tapering, little fingers, and of a delicate, white baby-hand, hidden beneath pearl-gray, well-fitting gloves. Casting a quick glance at the ticking pendule, he noticed that the hands indicated ten minutes after four.

With a slightly trembling and well-perfumed hand, he gave his light mustache an artistic, enterprising curve, and created an æsthetic sort of disorder among the cushions of his divan.

"The lady is here," announced Edmond.

"Good; conduct her hither."

A feminine silhouette, exquisite, insinuating, supple, ravishing, attracted his eyes. "Oh, master," she stammered, faintly, behind a sombre veil, which failed to hide a beautifully rounded chin, suggesting the crescent moon appearing from under a dark cloud.

He made two steps in advance towards her; seized her fragile-looking fingers, and imprinted thereon the longest and most fervent kiss that he had in his repertoire.

"Do you forgive me for intruding and for depriving you of part of your so valuable time?" she asked. Her voice betrayed more confidence and firmness.

"Why, of course, dear madame; I am really and inexpressibly delighted at your visiting me in my humble apartments."

"For ever so long a time, venerable master, have I desired to meet you. I am so fond of your writings. Many passages they contain I have committed to memory. You possess such a delicate, tender fancy, and then your style is so gracefully masculine, and your ideas are so much in sympathy with mine. How charmingly you describe the passionate love which throbs in the heart and veins of Loys. The current story, I believe, is your *chef-d'oeuvre*. It made such a deep impression upon me that I could not resist any longer the desire to write and to see you. If you only knew how wildly my heart beats!"

Really," he asked, and then he made a movement with his hands as if he were anxious to make an investigation into the alarming condition of his fair interlocutor's little heart.

"Vertigo seized me in your ante-chamber. You know, it is so intimidating to call upon a man of genius. I really believe my eyes are troubling me, that the walls are turning round me."

"I think you had better remove your veil," he suggested tentatively.

"Do you think so? Well, then . . . I think I had better take off my hat, too, for it is so heavy!"

"A capital idea, and I would suggest that you likewise take off your cloak. Now, don't you feel relieved? Be seated upon the divan. This cushion shall caress your beautiful shoulder, and this one I shall place beneath your divine feet. Now, what do you think of this? Does your heart still beat so fast?"

"It is a little quieter. Thank you ever so much, dear master!"

"Oh, happy heart; if I only could say the same thing of mine; the beating of mine almost deprives me of the power of breathing!"

"I am so sorry, monsieur."

"No, call me Loys, since my hero appears to have captivated you so completely. I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you before me, to have made your acquaintance! Do you know that I adore you?"

"Impossible!"

"Believe me, when I say that I adore you, that I love you, love you as only he can love who has never known the divine passion before."

She sighed and her breast heaved. Her eye-lashes lowered, and softly she whispered: "And I love you!"

"Ah," he wildly exclaimed. He stretched forth his arms to seize her in a passionate embrace, but, to his immense surprise, she drew away from him, and, resolutely, took up her hat and arranged her veil.

"Why, explain; have I done wrong; have I hurt your feelings?" he finally managed to ask in a stammering fashion.

"Don't touch me; I am done with you; you don't love me at all; you are an impostor!"

"But, dear madame, let me assure you that I am sincere, that you are all the world to me; that my love for you is overwhelming, is . . ."

"Fiddlesticks! I know better; you only feign, you try to fool me!"

"Dear madame, let me explain, let me tell you that . . ."

"No use," she snapped out, excitedly, and then, pointing with her finger towards the almost inaudibly ticking pendule, and slightly shrugging her beautiful shoulders, she added:

"You have not even broken the spring of the pendule! Hypocrite, impostor!" and out she sailed, indignation vibrating in every inch of her enticing body. Adapted from the French for the Mirror by Francis A. House.



VIVAMUS

BY ROBERT BRIDGES.

WHEN thou did'st give thy love to me,
Asking no more of gods or men,
I vow'd I would contented be,
If Fate should grant us summers ten.

But now that twice the term is sped,
And ever young my heart and gay,
I fear the words that then I said,
And turn my face from Fate away.

To bid thee happily good-bye
I have no hope that I can see,
No way that I shall bravely die,
Unless I give my life for thee.

From the Saturday Review.



GERMAN RELIGIOUS POLITICS

BY SIMON TISSIER.

COUNT VON BUELOW, Chancellor of the German Empire, made announcement in the Reichstag, the other day, that the Government had decided to readmit the Jesuits to residence in the empire. This announcement, contrary to the expectations of some, failed to evoke any specially bitter speeches of protest. Every member of the Reichstag had known for months that the Government was dickering with the Center party and making promises of concessions in return for that party's support of the stand taken by the government on the heatedly discussed tariff bill. The readmission of the Jesuits must thus be considered a *quid pro quo* for services rendered by the Centrists.

Von Buelow's announcement marks the end of the differences which have for so many years embittered the relations of the German government with the Vatican. These differences had their inception in 1871, when Bismarck precipitated that politico-religious conflict known as the *Kulturkampf*, with the intention of undermining the influence of the Vatican and of the Ultramontane party in the newly-founded empire. One of the chief causes of the acrid controversy was the dogma of papal infallibili-

ty, which Pope Pius IX had forced through the Council at Rome, in spite of the vigorous opposition manifested by an able, alert and aggressive minority.

After the declaration in favor of this dogma, arguments *pro* and *con* continued to agitate the Catholic press and minds, and finally induced Bismarck to make the statement that "for reasons relating to its own internal affairs, the State, even though it took no special attitude to the dogma of infallibility in itself, could not avoid being drawn into the conflicts which the dogma was bound to call forth between its upholders and its opponents. It was the duty of the State to prevent the evil results to the citizens of the anathema, which the Bishops hurled at those who denied the infallibility; it was necessary for it to interfere, and, by introducing civil marriage, to render marriage possible to those apostates who were not allowed to receive the sacrament; it was necessary for it to protect in the exercise of their office those of its public teachers who rejected the new dogma, even if their spiritual superiors should declare them unfit to hold such office. In cases, finally, where whole congregations, or majorities of them, remained true to the old teachings, it was necessary for the State to protect them in the possession of their churches, of which the Bishops tried to deprive them.

Archbishop Melchers, of Cologne, and Prince-Bishop Foerster, of Breslau, had already forbidden professors in the Bonn and Breslau universities to lecture, because the latter considered the dogma of papal infallibility untenable. Several pastors and teachers of gymnasiums, who offended in the same manner, were threatened with ecclesiastical punishments. The recalcitrants finally appealed to the State authorities, especially in Bavaria, where the Minister was forced to go to the rescue of Professor Doellinger, Fridrich and Huber of the University of Munich. In Prussia, Bishops Ermeland and Klementz demanded that the government dismiss two teachers in Braunsberg for the like reason of denial of the infallibility doctrine, but their demand was not complied with, Bismarck making the declaration in a leading paper that the State authorities "would not tolerate things of this kind," and that, "if three hundred years ago, Teutonism in Germany was stronger than Romanism, how much stronger should it be now when Rome is no longer the capital of the World, but on the point of becoming the capital of Italy, and when the German imperial crown no longer rests on the head of a Spaniard, but of a German Prince." On the 14th of December, 1871, a law was passed by the Federal Council (Bundesrath), which provided that any clergyman who should misuse his office and discuss political matters in a manner likely to disturb the peace, be imprisoned for a period no longer than two years. In January, 1872, an attempt was made to pass legislation reducing the control of the church over schools, but it failed, owing to the hostile attitude of the Minister of Worship. For this, the latter was dismissed and his office given to Dr. Falk, one of the most pliant tools of Bismarck. Dr. Falk, upon the instigation of the Chancellor, prepared various laws regulating the relations of State and Church, which laws were passed in May, 1873, and at once become known and notorious as the "May laws" (*Mai Gesetze*), and provoked most venomous debates in the Reichstag and inexorable persecution of prelates and clergy. Cardinal Ledochowski and the famous Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence, stoutly resisted the enforcement of these obnoxious laws. In May, 1872, Bismarck declared that "the dogmas of the Catholic Church, recently announced and publicly promul-

gated, make it impossible for any secular power to come to an understanding with the church without its own effacement, which the German empire at least cannot accept." And then he added those words, which have ever since been historic: "Have no fear; we shall not go to Canossa, either in body or in spirit." His doughtiest and ablest antagonist in Parliament, at that time, was Von Windthorst, a Hanoverian nobleman of marked oratorical powers and mordant sarcasm. Von Windthorst prodded and taunted the energetic, imperious Chancellor wherever and whenever he could. The philippics which these two men hurled at each other's head were, for years, the standing attraction of the Reichstag. One day, Bismarck assured the emaciated, little old man, who had so valiantly taken up the gage of combat against him, that it would be his constant endeavor to maintain "the full integral sovereignty of the law with all the means at his disposal," and that there would be no humiliating compromises or concessions. In the meantime, however, Pope Pius IX was not idle. He never ceased to maintain his rights, as he conceived them, and to exhort the Catholic clergy and laity of Germany to be courageous and confident of the ultimate outcome. In a speech addressed to a German delegation of prominent Catholics, the Supreme Pontiff exclaimed: "Who knows if the little stone shall not soon be loosened from above that shall destroy the foot of the Colossus?" These prophetic words were called forth by the expulsion of the Jesuits and other religious associations from the German empire, ordered by Bismarck in reply to the Pope's refusal to receive Cardinal Hohenlohe as the German Ambassador at the Vatican. The Iron Chancellor continued the struggle for several years, but it finally began to dawn upon his mind that in fighting the Church of Rome and the shrewd, experienced Vatican diplomats he was simply butting his head against a brick wall. Various political exigencies and the stubborn attitude of German Catholics induced him, in the course of time, to moderate his drastic policy and to make one concession after the other. During the last few years of his official career, he practically consented to go to Canossa in order to re-establish fairly amicable relations with the Vatican. The May laws were gradually rescinded. At the present time there is hardly any trace of them left on the statute books.

William II, the present Emperor, has never displayed any hostility towards the Roman Church. He has made it one of his pet policies to maintain friendly relations with the Vatican, not so much because he is in need of the help of the formidable Center party in his warfare against the Socialism and in the furtherance of his favorite domestic and foreign plans, but principally because he recognizes the futility and foolishness involved in arousing religious animosities and in fighting a spiritual power that neither Emperor Henry IV, nor the great Bonaparte, nor the redoubtable Bismarck could overcome. William II realizes that by stirring up religious prejudices and persecutions he would only undermine the foundations of an empire which is still the hotbed of that sectional feeling, known as "Particularism," which has always been the disgrace of Germany's long history.

The policy of reconciliation pursued by the present Imperial Government is in strange contrast with that recently inaugurated in France by the Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes Ministries. France, the oldest daughter of the Church of Rome, is preparing to enter into a protracted, violent struggle with the Roman authorities, to discard the clauses of the Concordat and to reduce the influence of religion to a minimum, while Germany, whose population is preponderantly Protestant, is, apparently, cheek by jowl with the

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Vatican, establishing Catholic faculties in educational institutions and generally doing its utmost to make the Church authorities believe that it is monarchical Germany which is the sincerest friend of the Roman Church, and not republican France. In view of the reversal of German policy within the last ten years, is it permissible to predict that France will also, some years hence, have to resort to sackcloth and ashes and make the humiliating trip to Canossa?



THE WATER TANK

BY U. FRANCIS DUFF.

THE Arizona sun blazed down until the wastes of sand and alkali seemed to dance before the eyes. The sky was an arch of polished steel across which the great disk of white fire swept glowing in its tedious track from east to west. The waves of heat blazed up from the furnace-like surface, and beat against the faces of the trudging column. Alkali dust flew in clouds, choking the brick-red marchers, and aggravating the agony of parched and burning throats in which the mucus thickened, till it was as cotton.

For thirst had fallen upon them. Three hundred soldiers were caught in a desert, in which all the water-holes had dried up, forty miles from the nearest station. One small tank of water, drawn by six mules, must last them over that hell of waste. The Colonel, upon realizing the situation, made a rapid calculation, discovering thereby that one pint every ten miles for each man would exhaust the supply. He knew, also, that even experienced soldiers, when half crazed with thirst, might, in their extremity, forget not only the army rules and regulations, but, for that matter, any other rules and regulations under heaven.

A guard was detailed for the water-tank, with "Lieutenant Dick" in command—otherwise, Lieutenant Richard Roberts; rough and loud, ever ready with a blow for brawlers and laggards, but a man of "sand." A pint was issued to each man at starting. Ten miles on a pint of water—and Tophet itself a paradise by comparison! Ever hotter glowed the sun—ever fiercer the blazing flats of sand and alkali. The miles fell slowly behind—heart-breaking links in a chain of suffering. Five, six, seven, eight and the column was

growing uneasy. Nothing definite that one might put his finger on—just simply uneasy. Some of the men had developed a curious, dry, rattling little cough; and when they spat, the throat contracted spasmodically with an awful aching. Only two more miles—surely they could stand that! And they did. But the ground seemed unstable beneath their feet, and the hands that fumbled at the throats shook as with a palsy.

Another pint; and again the long crawling line shambled on. What sort of country was this, anyway, in which the sky spun so, and the distant mountains seemed wheeling to meet them? Then there was a curious swelling and throbbing in the temples. And that excruciating ache in the throat—would nothing stop it? Six miles of the lap were passed, and the Lieutenant was struck with the hollow-eyed, deathlike look of many of the men. The lips of all were swollen enormously. Seven miles—was the column moving, or was it simply the earth moving under them? And were they moving with it, or against it? But the dull jarring of the wagons and the muffled mouthing curses of the mounted drivers—not too thirsty for that—chained them to reality. Eight—was the water never coming? Occasionally a plodder slipped softly to the earth, his face showing an ugly, pasty white through the red and grime. Nine—and endurance, long tried, flamed up in mad protest. An ominous rattling of unshouldered arms, a grating crunch of the sand, not noticeable when they stepped before—the grind of decision—and the whole body moved as one man upon the water-tank. No man spoke; nor was it necessary. Their staring faces spoke for them. The stock little Lieutenant, with the Durham-bull head and small blue eyes, set his teeth. He knew the grip was coming. The horses were stopped and men swarmed up on the tank—only to find the lids closed and padlocked. The guard fixed bayonets, and, gently as might be, thrust them down, the iron jaw of Lieutenant Dick working as he expostulated with them, crying that the guards had not had, nor should they have, any more than the regular ration, and that himself would march the whole distance without touching a drop—that their only hope of saving their lives lay in husbanding their little supply.

A glistening hedge of bayonets surrounded the tank—more precious than all the riches of earth. The

click of breechlocks, as some of the maddened men forced home the cartridges, punctuated the Lieutenant's speech. He, with bared head and foam-flecked lips, faced the main body of mutineers—no longer the reckless, care-free, kindly jesters of the day before, ready to toss up with death in another form and let the result go as it might, but rather creatures who had gone back to primitive instincts; those instincts which had animated their far forefathers in the gloomy forests of Europe ages before, when they fought the wolf and the cave-bear breast to breast.

And still, so ingrained was discipline—so much was it a part of themselves—that even now there was a sort of system in their actions, albeit they were of a nature that tended toward the doing away with all systems whatsoever.

Twenty rifles leaped to as many shoulders, the officer staring fixedly into the black muzzles, with one hand raised in protest which was not wholly lost even upon that mob.

In the instant of hesitation he spoke again; and in the great stillness which had fallen upon them it seemed that his voice might be heard for miles. In hoarse tones, which had yet that certain ring which no man ever hears unstirred, he asked if there was one man among them who would march beside him to the journey's end without water. Lieutenant Dick did not speak hurriedly, but he lost no time. There was death in those fumbling fingers. It might be simply accident; but some accidents might as well have been design.

A lizard rustled across the sand at his feet; the sun beat; the far hills glimmered, and the whole landscape appeared to bend toward them expectantly. Then a little, sandy, "sawed-off" fellow who had been picked with many misgivings, simply to fill the ranks, separated himself from the mass, walked to one side and stood at attention; a big Norwegian followed; and in the general rattling of rifles being "recovered," the drummer, with an eye for situations, beat a long, quick call to the road; the column swung into line and moved off—Lieutenant Dick tucking under each arm a rifle which he had gently taken from a couple of boy-soldiers, leading the way. The civilization of a thousand years, acquired through racking stress and travail, had proved itself adequate.

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NEW BOOKS

A valuable work dealing with social and economic problems of the present and future is "Economical Tangles," by Judson Grenell. Current labor unrest and disturbances greatly enhance the interest and timeliness of the book, which is a collection of articles written by the author for the Detroit "News-Tribune." Mr. Grenell's style is free from pedantry; it is clear, forcible and concise, and the book has, therefore, none of that wearisome, oppressive didacticism which so often characterizes works of this kind. The problems of political economy are explained in a manner that is calculated to bring them within the grasp of every reader of ordinary intelligence. Mr. Grenell does not reason abstrusely. He sticks to facts as they are and as they come under our daily observation. "Passing events," he says in his introductory remarks, "in the knowledge of general readers of daily papers have, in the main, been the basis of the articles appearing under my name in the 'News-Tribune,' and which with other material are produced in this volume. They do not profess to be either profound or exhaustive, for other duties, as well as space, have prevented any minute discussion, even had it been advisable. What has been attempted is to show us clearly, and in as few words as possible, the relation between these events and the truths of political economy, and to point out the defects, if any, that may have caused good intentions to go astray." Mr. Grenell does not appear to be in favor of compulsory arbitration. He considers that it is repugnant to the sense of liberty of contract so well recognized in the constitutions and laws of the States. "Compulsory arbitration," he declares, "is to be avoided as between free agents, though it might be better than no arbitration at all. It can never be satisfactory. The forcing of a decision by law has in it much that does not agree with the feelings of either party. It is interference with individual liberty, besides being one-sided, in that the employer, because he has property, is placed at a disadvantage compared to the workman, who, when a decision goes against him, can leave." Mr. Grenell does not stand alone in holding such an opinion of compulsory arbitration. Many others are earnestly, even vehemently, opposed to legislation providing for compulsory arbitration in labor disputes. It would seem, however, that the spirit of the times is in favor of laws compelling both parties to controversies of this kind to submit to the decision of arbitrators, and, sooner or later, legislation along these lines will undoubtedly be had. Compulsory arbitration may not prove the nostrum for economic ills that many imagine it will, but it is certainly the best means to prevent disastrous strikes, which are frequently so harmful in their consequences to the masses of the people. Mr. Grenell sounds the right keynote, however, in his discussion of "Ability and Wealth." He frankly asserts that the real labor question grapples with the problem "of inequalities in the distribution of wealth of the producers. It does not trouble itself with present accumulations, but demands that future pluckings shall cease. Wealth is not a menace only as it gets into the pockets of those who do not produce it. All the luxuries of civilization are welcomed as helping to the pursuit of happiness, but the workers demand that those who erect shelters shall enjoy shelters, those who grow food shall not go hungry, and those who, with cunning fingers, weave cloth shall not go naked. The remedy for inequalities in wealth is the repeal of special privileges. Where any enterprise takes the form of a natural monopoly that cannot be reached by free competition, then 'judicious combination' becomes a necessity. But this com-

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Indianapolis...	2:50 p m	6:10 p m	4:20 a m 7:25 a m
Cincinnati...	6:00 p m	9:05 p m	7:30 a m 10:55 a m
Cleveland...	10:20 p m	1:40 a m	2:55 p m
Buffalo.....	2:55 a m	6:18 a m	7:25 p m
New York..	2:55 p m	6:00 p m	7:50 a m
Boston.....	4:55 p m	9:03 p m	10:30 a m

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bination must include the whole people. Municipalities have, through experience, found it necessary to municipalize certain industries. They have found themselves so outrageously exploited by private corporations that, in self-defense, water works and gas and electric light plants have become public property, cost regulating the price. Sometimes these businesses have been badly managed, but the very worst of them are infinitely preferable to the best under the control of exploiters." While he has his eyes open to existing glaring wrongs and inequalities, and bewails the obtuseness of the average human mind in looking for the right and the truth, Mr. Grenell is no pessimist. He believes that, in the course of time, conditions will gradually improve; that one wrong after the other will be righted, and that the world will steadily grow better, kinder and worthier to live in. "The world, on the whole, is going to wag for a good many years much as it is wagging to-day. There is an heredity in business as in other things, and environments must be very much altered before there can be any great or startling change. When all eyes are looking at an evil, it is certain that some one will discover a remedy. And though he may not be the person to apply the medicine, there will arise in the fullness of time the physician who can. When that day comes, whatever is good in socialism and anarchism, and all the other isms, will be absorbed, and the civilized world will rush forward to a greater degree of material prosperity, coupled with a larger share for the masses of the wealth by them created." The volume under review deserves to be recommended to all who believe in liberality of thought and in progress along the right lines. Published by Purdy Publishing Co., 74 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, are the publishers of "The Room With the Little Door," by Roland Burnham Molineaux. Newspaper readers will remember that the author is none other than the man who, sometime ago, stood an excellent chance of ending his life in the electric chair, after having been found guilty of murder in the first degree, but was subsequently found not guilty of the accusation brought against him. In his preface, the author informs us that most of the experiences related in the book are true, and that the rest comprises waifs—products of his own imagination. As indicated by the title, it is prison life and prison impressions that are related in this book. After glancing through the pages, one fails to find any reason why this sort of writing should be let loose on the reading public. It will interest none but the morbid-minded, the sentimental "cranks," and the sensation-craving. The book can lay claim neither to style nor intellectual value. Its excuse for existence seems to be founded solely on the fact that it is written by a man whose trials used to fill columns of pages in the yellow press during the past three years.

Rev. Pedro Ilgen, one of the leaders of German intellectuals in St. Louis, is the author of a neatly-bound volume of charming verse, entitled "Bluetenwehen." Lyricism of a markedly elegiac tinge seems to be the learned author's forte.

Eva Katharine Gibson is the authoress of "Zauberlinda," a well-written and cleverly conceived children's story, full of sweetness and childish adventure and suggestive of the German Maerchen. The book contains many illustrations, and must be regarded as being just the right thing for childish thought and imagination. Robert Smith Printing Co., Chicago, publishers.

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CURE FOR BROKEN HEARTS

Verily men are becoming subtle. A wise man of Indiana (all wise men seem to be coming from the Hoosier State just now) has just avoided a big strike in the telephone service of the town of Washington by the simple and very inexpensive means of feeding the "hello girls" with chocolate caramels. The girls, it seemed, demanded higher wages. The district manager gently but sweetly refused their demand; then he bought them a few pounds of chocolates and the girls succumbed at once. Now the bells are ringing merrily all over the town and the girls cannot do enough for the man who, metaphorically speaking, patted them on the head, chucked them under the chin and called them "nice little dears."

A woman is like a baby. She cries and sputters and kicks for what she wants; and then gurgles and smiles like a sunny morning if you dangle a trinket in front of her eyes or tickle her under the chin. To the man who knows how to manage her she is the "easiest" sort of thing. And the amusement is so inexpensive, too. It costs so little in time and money that it is the greatest wonder in the world that more men do not go in for managing their wives just as they go in for golf and automobiles, or any other sort of sport.

The average man looks upon a woman as a deep, insoluble riddle. She is a source of unending wonder and surprise to him. He can never tell you what she is going to do next, nor why she is going to do it. He will hand her a check for \$40 across the breakfast table, and, in the flush of his generosity, forget to kiss her goodbye. Then he will be astounded beyond measure to find her in tears when he comes home at night. He will refuse to buy her something she wants and will spend the money it would have cost him on the races. In a fit of contrition he will send her a box of bonbons and a saccharine note, and will be utterly mystified and shamed by her gratitude and affection. It is the very mystery about her which fascinates him. But if he would only compare the two, he would discover that there is the same mystery about a baby. He never will learn how to take hold of a baby so that it will not cry; and he never will learn how to manage a woman in a way that will keep her constantly sunny and adoring.

There is, however, a type of man, who is not the average (generally because he is a bit below it), who understands the simple "combination" called woman. He goes on the principle that this "combination" works in three turns your own way and one turn the woman's. He can bully a girl about for twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes and then make her think him an angel in the five minutes he has left. He never gives in to her when she cries and kicks, but goes his own way rejoicing. When he is tired of listening to the threats and accusations, he just does something tender and pretty and subtle, like dangling the trinket before the baby's eyes, and, like the baby, the woman forgets all her injuries and begins to gurgle.

The trouble with most men is that they

have not the art of dangling the trinket so as to attract the baby's attention. They hold it up like a cat or a stove lifter, and leave it to work its own fascination. They hand over a \$100 bill to their wives just as they would pass her the salt or the butter, and then expect the charm to work. It would take just five minutes longer to put the bill under her breakfast plate wrapped up in a note or tied about a bunch of violets, and the results would be 99 per cent more satisfactory. Nothing will win a woman's heart like what she calls "thoughtfulness." Five minutes of "thoughtfulness" will requite her for a whole year of forgetfulness.

Men do not understand how much these little things mean to a woman. Men can get along very comfortably without them themselves. Or else they take them as a matter of course, just as they do a well-cooked dinner or a comfortable bed. A great many men feel ashamed to indulge in what they consider sentimentality, just as they feel ashamed of standing up before a baby with a rattle in their hands and trying to attract its attention. Some of the biggest, tenderest-hearted men in the world wear a little coat of ice about their affections. They have been glazed over by their masculine pride, and they would never dream of breaking the shell. To them a woman who cannot appreciate a diamond sunburst or a pair of pearl earrings for its own sake is disgustingly unreasonable. They feed the woman they love with pate de foie gras when she is starving for a kiss. They send her a doctor when she grows pale and fretful, instead of sending her a love note, or take her to the theater instead of caressing her. As in "Frou-Frou," they buy her a pair of horses as a tonic for a broken heart. Yet it would be so much easier and cheaper to do what she wants than what she doesn't want, that one is exasperated to observe how few men try it.

There is an employer in New York city who boasts that he is able to get more work out of his women clerks in return for less money than any other man in America. That is because he understands the sex. Whenever a girl

comes to him with a "complaint" written on her face, he gives her the easiest chair in the office, tells her how charming she is looking, remarks on the collar or the hat she is wearing, compliments her work and her faithfulness and then asks her what is the matter and to tell him all about it. By that time she has forgotten "all about it" and feels ashamed that she ever had a hard feeling towards this charming, thoughtful gentleman, who seems more like a father or a brother than an employer. When she goes out, flushed with pleasure, he chuckles and calls merrily for the "next." He deserves his success. Any man who has studied women thoroughly and carefully enough to know how to handle 150 of them has a right to some revenue in return for his knowledge, just as a physician or a lawyer has a right to be paid for what he knows about his business. Knowledge is power, and a knowledge of women is twenty-horse power.

Away down in the heart of every woman who has a heart there is a longing to be "understood." If you can make her believe that you understand her she will think you a most wonderful sort of creature, with a massive intellect. Yet it takes no more intellect to understand a woman than it requires to understand a baby. There are women who have gone through college who can't handle a baby ten minutes without sticking a pin into it, and there are dear old colored "mammies" who can't spell their own names, but who can lull the most incorrigible infant to sleep in a quarter of an hour. It requires only a little thought, a little love and a little instinct to learn every nook and crevice of your wife's heart and soul or to learn at least enough about them to keep them nicely

oiled and in working order. If you have tried horses and diamonds and trips to Europe without avail, try a little flattery or an extra kiss and note the effect. If you have found reasoning and argument and even beating no good, try a little flirting or petting for a change. If you have practiced walking the floor with the baby and feeding it on sterilized milk and it still cries, dangle the trinket in front of it. If you can't make your horse go by whipping him, try apples or sugar cakes. Argument, reason and even bullying are to a box of candy or a pretty speech as dross to gold—when you are dealing with a woman.—*New York Press.*

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SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hamilton Farish are spending several weeks in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Walsh, who have been sojourning in New York for the past few weeks, are located at the Waldorf.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hunt left last week with their children for Pass Christian, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Duthiel Cabanne will leave, in a short time, for the South, where they will visit points in Texas and California.

Miss Mary Slattery, of New York, and Mrs. Bryce Gray arrived in St. Louis last week, and are the guests of Mrs. De Augilar and Miss Ruth Slattery.

Mrs. William H. Lee, of West Pine boulevard, and Miss Josephine Lee will leave this week for New Orleans, La., to attend the Mardi Gras festivities.

Mrs. John Scullin, who has been for several months in Paris with her daughter, Madame De Guest, landed in New York a few days ago. She will soon return to St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Betts, of Lindell boulevard, entertained, last week, Mrs. Charles Milton, of Cincinnati, who came on to spend several days and to be present at the Wear-Slattery wedding.

Mr. Will J. Thornton, of the Southern Hotel, gave a pretty luncheon on Tuesday afternoon, followed by a box party at the Columbia, in honor of Miss Adele Kershaw, who is visiting St. Louis relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. James Garneau, accompanied by Miss Marie Garneau and their two younger children, will leave this week for New Orleans, La., where they will remain until after Mardi Gras. They then proceed to California to visit friends until the warm days of spring, when they will go to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and other points.

Mrs. James Leete, of the Westmoreland Hotel, left last Monday for Pass Christian, accompanied by Misses Louise and Clara Leete. They will remain there until after the first of April. Upon their return they will take possession of their new home in Fullerton place, which they have just purchased from Mrs. D. A. January.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harding left on Wednesday on their private car for Florida, where they will sojourn for several weeks at Palm Beach and other points, and also attend the Mardi Gras gaudies at New Orleans, La., en route. They will have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. James Williamson Byrnes, of West Pine boulevard.

Mr. Gustav Von Brecht gave a box party on Friday evening at the Century Theater, in honor of his brother's fiancée, Miss Flavia Lynch, and Miss Anna Koehler. The party witnessed the performance of "La Tosca." Mr. Frank Von Brecht escorted Miss Lynch, the remainder of the party being Messrs. Carl Stoffregen, Frank Bergs, Misses Etta Stolle and Stella Schnaider.

Mrs. Alonzo Acuff sent out cards last week for a reception, which she will give on next Monday afternoon, February 23, from three until five o'clock, at her new home, 5210 Washington boulevard, assisted by Mesdames Philomon Chew and Edward Taylor Campbell. This will be a house warming, as it is the first large affair given since the hostess has been settled in her new home.

Mr. Franc David Mayer, manager of the American Newspaper Association, and his pretty, charming sister, Miss Nellie Mayer, left, on Tuesday, for New Orleans, where they will enjoy the Mardi Gras fête. Thence they will go to Atlanta, Ga., where they will sojourn a few days; thence to Jacksonville, Fla.; they will then revel in the delights of old St. Augustine, and, ere returning, will visit the East coast resorts.

One of the handsomest card parties of the past week was that given by Mrs. Charles Leppert of Lindell boulevard, as-

sisted by Mrs. Leonard Roos and Mrs. William K. Walther. The affair took place at the Union Club, where the parlors were decorated with quantities of cut flowers and masses of ferns and smilax. The hostess wore an imported afternoon toilette. The other ladies were also handsomely gowned. The affair was most successful.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Morgan Zabriskie, who have been a great deal feted and entertained during their visit to St. Louis, left on Monday for their home in New York. Among the entertainments given in their honor was a dinner and double box party given by Mr. Will J. Thornton, a dinner by Mr. and Mrs. John W. Loader, and another dinner by Miss Anna Koehler. Mr. and Mrs. Medford Johnson entertained for them also with a musicale, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Goodloe being guests of honor.

The coming-of-age ball, given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Ben F. Gray, Jr., of Cabanne, in honor of their son, Mr. Cabell Gray, was one of the handsomest and most aristocratic functions of the winter. The guests were all young people, including the debutantes of the past two seasons, and a number of this winter's buds. The affair took place at the Odeon, which was handsomely decorated in white and green for the occasion. An orchestra was concealed from view by a bank of palms and smilax. Mr. and Mrs. Gray received with their son, and their niece, Miss Edna Moss, of Columbia, Mo., who is a debutante this season and has been spending the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Gray. Dancing was indulged in until half past eleven o'clock, when supper was served in the banquet hall. Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Ashley Cabell, Columbus Halle, J. W. Williamson, E. G. Tutt; Mesdames J. B. Modisette, Vilas, W. G. Boyd, Byron T. Babbitt and David Kaime.

The most notable social event of the past week was the marriage, on Saturday last, of Miss Susan Leigh Slattery and Mr. J. Holliday Wear, who were united at Christ Church Cathedral, at four o'clock, by the Rev. Dr. Holland, in the presence of a large gathering of friends and relatives. Miss Mary Slattery came on from New York to be present, and Mrs. Bryce Gray, of the same place, came on to serve as matron of honor. The church was not decorated except large bunches of roses and orchids upon the altar. Dr. Holland awaited the bridal party at the chancel, and the full vested choir, chanting the Lohengrin bridal chorus, triumphantly preceded the bride, who came in with her uncle, Mr. Wyman, who gave her away. She was preceded by the matron of honor, and her little nephew, Master Paul De Aguilar, who carried a white Bible. The bride wore a pretty gown of white embroidered chiffon studded with applique chiffon rosebuds. The veil worn was of point duchesse lace, which has served three previous brides at their nuptials. The groom had for his best man Mr. Joseph Wear, and the ushers were Messrs. Arthur Wear, Christy Hutchinson, John Gamble, James Sloss, Henri Garneau, Augustus Hockaday, Gaius Paddock and James Wear. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of Mrs. De Aguilar, after which the bride and groom left for the South.

"Are you fond of birds?" she asked, innocently, as she stood at the piano fumbling the music. "I dearly love them," he replied, with never a shadow of suspicion. Then she ran her slender fingers over the keys and began to sing, "Oh, Would I Were a Bird." A new nest will be built in the spring, and, of course, to round out the bride's complete happiness, she must have, then, a nice, new pair of Swope's shoes. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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The business of truss fitting is thoroughly understood here, and when we fit you with a truss it is understood that if it does not prove entirely satisfactory it is our duty to make it so or refund your money without question.

Hard Rubber (single).....	\$2.75
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Elastic (single).....	\$1.25
Elastic (double).....	\$2.00

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THREE NIBEN CLUBS (one of our 10c cigars—5)	For 25c
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THEATRICALS

Mr. John Drew's new play, "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," as produced at the Olympic this week, has a semblance of cleverness and originality, but it lacks that which has always been regarded as the very corner-stone of true art—probability—and, lacking that, no amount of brilliant dialogue and ingenuity in development will suffice to remove the impression from the mind of careful critics that the play cannot survive, and will, within a few years, be a decided back-number. It is an ancient, well-worn theme which the playwright, Mr. Isaac Henderson, has selected. Lord Lumley, a dabbler in chemistry, is so absorbed in his work among the retorts, crucibles and solutions of his laboratory that he is led to avoid all social functions and frivolities and to give his young, beautiful wife cause to suspect that he no longer loves her, or cares for her companionship. She, being of a hypersensitive, emotional, affectionate nature, finally thinks her-

self justified in seeking solace in the feigned, designing friendship of a young Italian litterateur, Signor d'Orelli, whom Lord Lumley, through the disclosures made to him by an Italian organ-grinder, has discovered to be a professional roué and hunter of women. For reasons satisfactory to himself, Lord Lumley decides to keep his discovery secret for a while, with the intention of making the final unmasking and punishment of the villainous seducer more complete and drastic. He, however, gives his wife warning, and urges, and at last commands, her to break off all relations with the Italian. This she, in a fit of violent, hysterical anger, peremptorily refuses. Openly defying her husband, she leaves the house, enters a carriage, and is driven to the Italian's apartments. There, she obtains her first inkling of the true nature and purposes of the despicable rake, and is only saved from further humiliation and disgrace, and, perhaps, something even worse, by the timely, dramatic appearance and in-

terference of her husband. She returns home, but resolves to flee to Paris the following morning, being under the impression that she is no longer worthy to remain under the same roof with her husband. The Italian, baffled and perplexed, but still eager in his pursuit of his prey, discovers that she has left for Paris, and follows her, being, apparently, still confident of ultimate success. Lady Lumley is accompanied to Paris by Giuseppe, the erstwhile organ-grinder, who, in a most melodramatic fashion, has contrived to give the Lord needed information of developments and of his wife's place of refuge. Lord Lumley also goes to Paris, and there he succeeds in effecting a reconciliation between himself and his still beloved and trusted wife, and in unmasking the lustful Italian, who disappears in an agony of terror, when he discovers that Lord Lumley has it within his power to deliver him into the hands of the vendetta-breathing Giuseppe, whose innocent wife and humble home in far-off

Sicily he had ruined some years ago.

D'Orelli's rôle, as essayed in a very vivid and clever manner by Guy Standing, is unmistakably villanous. In following the development of his intrigues, one fails to understand how any woman of the supposititious intelligence and standing of Lady Lumley could be dupe enough to fail in looking through him and his professions of sincere friendship and love. The utter impossibility of such a thing is the most fatal and most salient defect of this new play of Mr. Drew. And then there is the fantastic interview between Lord Lumley and Giuseppe in the first act, than which nothing could be more incredible and bizarre.

Mr. Drew, in the rôle of Lord Lumley is, as usual, exceedingly finished in his acting, exceedingly careful in his elocution and exceedingly impressive in his dramatic climaxes. He is the well-schooled actor to his very finger-tips, ever conveying the impression of subdued, intellectual and emotional force.

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Tettlow's Swan Down Face Powder, reg. 15c.....	9c
Woodbury's Face Powder, reg. 25c.....	18c

Margaret Dale, as *Lady Lumley*, is the very incarnation of lovably feminine instability of character. There is hardly a flaw to find in her thoughtful interpretation of a rôle that is, to say the least, pre-eminently emotional and not very sympathetic.

The *Mrs. Ruth Thornton* of Marie Derickson is of delightfully simple elegance. It is, perhaps, the only rôle in the play that appeals most to our conventional perceptions of probability and propriety. Miss Derickson's hold upon our sympathies is undoubtedly heightened by charm and grace of personality.

Praise must be bestowed upon the *Giuseppe* of Lionel Barrymore, and the *Lord Ronalds* of Lewis Baker.

CHORAL-SYMPHONY.

The Choral-Symphony Society sings Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice" at the Odeon to-night. The work has never before received the attention the society intends to bestow on it, and, judging from the preparation and the long rehearsals, the chorus and orchestra should easily be able to distinguish themselves with the best known work of the "Father of Modern Opera." The principal soloist is Mme. Louise Homer, of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Mme. Homer comes to St. Louis expressly for the occasion, and the score of the contralto part has been her special predilection for many seasons. The other principals are Mrs. Paul Davis and Miss Lillian Sutter, of this city. The chorus will number 300 voices, and the presentation employs the entire Symphony Orchestra of sixty men, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Ernst.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

As was announced in these columns a short time ago, Henry W. Savage's popular musical comedy, "The Prince of Pilsen," is coming back to St. Louis for a return engagement. The jolly, rollicking musical piece will be at the Century Theater again next week. There has been not a single change in the cast among either principals or the chorus. John W. Ransone and Dorothy Morton, surrounded by the many other capable singers and actors, will, doubtless, again have a lively week of it.

The Heinemann-Welb Stock Company demonstrated its versatility, Sunday evening, when it presented, with such immense success, the great sensational drama by Richard Voss, "Eva." Miss Bergere's benefit, on Wednesday evening, was well attended. "Luftschloesser" was the offering and Miss Bergere, in the title rôle, did artistic work. She was cordially received and answered to several encores. "Steffen Langer aus Glogau, or Der Hollaendische Kamin," a four-act comedy, by Charlotte-Birch-Pfeiffer, will be the offering Sunday evening. Wednesday, Mr. Hans Loebel will be tendered a benefit, on which occasion "Unser Liebling" will be presented.

"The Bon-Ton Burlesquers," at the Standard Theater, this week, are drawing large audiences. Miss Louise Langdon, as a travesty artist, is scoring a big "hit," which Patsy Barrett, as an Irish comedian, is winning rounds of noisily enthusiastic applause. The entire company works faithfully and succeeds in presenting an unusually interesting programme. Next week, the "Bohemian Burlesquers" will hold the boards.

Henry Miller, in his new play by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "The Taming of Helen," will appear at the Olympic Theater, next week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Mr. Miller's engagement commences Sunday night. The new play by Mr. Davis is a story of

modern Bohemian life in London, and was written especially for Mr. Miller. The strains of sweet music, jolly races and general, all-round fun continue to prove attractive drawing cards at the Ice Palace, Channing and Cook avenues. Join the merry throng.

"The Taming of Helen" will have the advantages of being presented by the very best company Mr. Miller has ever had. Prominent in his support is Miss Jessie Millward, the English actress; Miss Grace Elliston, Miss Emily Dodd, Miss Martha Waldron, Miss Drina de Wolfe, and Messrs. Percy Lyndall, Morten Selten, John Flood and E. Lovatt Fraser.

DEMAND FOR LABOR IN THE WEST.

April 15th to October 1st, harvesting fruit and grain crops in California and the northwest; low rates February 15th to June 15th. J. H. Lothrop, G. A., U. P. R. R., 903 Olive street, St. Louis.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

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A very large purchase of
beautiful silks now on
view.

Specialties for Waists, so new, some of them, that they are still unnamed—a sheer Taffetas Mousse-line tissue with insertions of Valenciennes lace at only \$1.25 a yard.

Novel cord plaids, sea green, rose mais cords on filmy crepe fabrics, and charming ribbon-striped tissues over-plaided with twisted cords—these, at a dollar, are marvelously low priced.

Sun-plaited Robes are included in this really extraordinary showing of silks. A white Habutal of extra heavy quality, embroidered all over in grapes, being one of the choicest designs—price \$55.

For Shirt-Waist Dresses—An uncommonly large stock of Taffetas, Foulards, Pongees and Shanghais—prices 75c and \$1 the yard.

An interesting display of blues—dark, light and medium shades—with spots and checks of all sizes, including colored spots on checked grounds, as an ivy green on a blue and white check, or a white-rimmed crimson spot on a dark blue.

A dotted silk, 27 inches wide, has plain borders on either edge for strappings—but one dollar.

FIRST View of Foreign
Dress Fabrics.

A representative display of gownings in great vogue with the leading dressmakers of fashionable Paris.

Strictly confined to this house.

Printed Pongees, Shanghais and changeable Taffetas have great vogue, and all the best ones are here.

Many coarse mesh canvases, canvas Etamine in black and white effects, showing threads of red and pale blue.

Stunning fancy twines in black and white, brown and white and blue and white, at \$1.50 the yard. The fetching white suitings and pale tints with rough knotted cords in black.

White basket cloths, canvases and other coarse mesh white fabrics, \$1 to \$2.75.

Coarse twisted cords and tufts of raw silk in white, violet or ivy green are immensely effective on soft suitings for tailor gowns.

Ideal for shirt-waist costumes is a satin finished camel's-hair in a great range of colors, light and dark, at \$1.65 the yard.

Immensely stylish and just in—coarse wool grenadine in black, navy and royal blue, \$2 a yard. Medallions in fine mesh are thrown on coarse woven cloths with fine effect.

A big display of novelties in blue to-day—wool crashes and mistrais, blue twines, blue vestings with white silk checks being in the lead.

Pale biscuit and oyster shades with tufted cords of sea green—these and other thick, soft suitings at \$1.50 to \$3.50 the yard.

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Affords all the comforts to be had in the most luxurious homes or in the best of hotels. Nothing is wanting to complete one's happiness and the days pass only too swiftly.

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Note the Cut in Price.

Mahogany 3 part Marqueterie Book Case, was \$175.00, now...\$98.00
Roman Chair, Metal and Ivory Inlaid, was \$55.00, now...\$32.00
Mahogany Music Cabinet, Dresden hand-painted, was \$60, now \$35.00
Damascus Pearl Inlaid Arm Chair, was \$65.00, now...\$49.50
Venetian Illuminated Figure Pedestal, was \$55.00, now...\$38.50
Louis XIV Gold Arm Chair, hand-painted, was \$100.00, now...\$49.50
Massive Carved Mahogany Parlor Group, was \$325.00, now...\$159.50
Baronial Hall Chair, Tapestry, was \$75.00, now...\$55.00
Chinese Teak Wood Hall Chair, was \$25.00, now...\$16.50
Italian Renn. Library Case, was \$175.00, now...\$123.50
Louis XIV Gold Sofa, was \$150.00, now...\$65.00
French Marqueterie Table, was \$55.00, now...\$35.00

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6 Floors of Plain and Fine Goods: Samples and Discontinued Patterns.
Every Article Cut in Price; Unusual Opportunity.

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Aust. Plum Wood Table, Marq. Top, was \$20.00, now...\$9.00
Mahogany Book Case, Relief Carved, was \$150.00, now...\$100.00
Venetian Hall Light Pedestal, was \$75.00, now...\$48.00
Teakwood Carved, Decorated Table, was \$85.00, now...\$65.00
Vernis-Martin Parlor Cabinet, was \$100.00, now...\$82.50
Vernis-Martin Decorated Table, was \$32.00, now...\$19.00
Gold Divan, was \$75.00, now...\$24.00
Italian Walnut Carved Arm Chair, was \$60.00, now...\$42.00
Fine Mahogany Bed Room Suit, was \$550.00, now...\$365.00
Mahogany Bed Room Suit, 3 pieces, was \$375.00, now...\$245.00
Fine Carved Oak Sideboard, was \$200.00, now...\$149.00
Mahogany China Cabinet, was \$175.00, now...\$125.00

ALICE'S LETTER

My Dear Maude:

Your brief note received. Permit me to assure you that your chidings were accepted wholly in a spirit of good-natured levity, for, I verily believe, that when you wrote: "Select, for me, my dear, a number of evening gowns, carriage dresses and material suitable for walking attire, etc.," you had not the faintest notion of the import of your "simple" request. Therefore, I shall make no apologies for not having written you, and, in my superior knowledge of the *status quo*, can afford graciously to waive your saucily impudent missive, and "heap coal of fire on your pretty head" by recounting just how diligent I have been in your behalf:

First of all, something over which to rhapsodize is a delicate light blue *crepe de chine*, the gradation of the coloring of which is best described, I think, in simile. It reminds one of a Southern morning sky when the weather is a bit uncertain—when large waves of blue melt into lighter waves, fading at last into a fleecy white cloud, the tint changing so imperceptibly one cannot say where the one hue begins and the other terminates. There are indication marks placed, say, at width intervals, so that did one care for an especially novel effect, one could have the gradations of from light to dark, and *vice versa*, alternate in the making of the gown. This comes in *beige*, *verseda* and *pervence*.

A pattern in *gauze*, the imprint composed of exquisitely dainty lilies of the valley, and, winding gracefully through the white, delicate tendrils of green, the French effect accentuated by a scattering of rose petals—'twould, I fear, exhaust my vocabulary of adjectives adequately to picture its beauty. This made by the proper *modiste* could be fashioned into a "dream come true." Still another of the *rangeant* effect, of a shade a trifle lighter than biscuit brown and yet not an ecru, in its novel design, its "wavy-water" softness, is one of the most beautifully sheer patterns of shadow *gauze imprimé* imaginable. Were it a heavier fabric, I'd say it's a sort of *moire antique*. That last is crude in the extreme, but—well, I'll have to leave it to your woman's divination.

The *miroir imprimé* silks are quite the most artistic creations with which Dame Fashion has ever delighted femininity. On a background of white are woven wreaths of American beauties and Mareschal Niel roses, intertwined with the incomparable blue of the *immortelle*. These flowers are of such workmanship, one is tempted to pluck them. The wreaths and garlands have the appearance of being suspended from long, broad satin ribbons. One advantage of these designs is, that the festoons may be cut out and applied on some handsome heavy material, if desired, and, in fact, a prominent *modiste* hinted that this mode of decorating elaborate gowns would become the reign-

ing fad. Of satin pekins, of sea-shell tint; rose antique *miroir Louisines*, of vari-decorated patterns; I could tell you indefinitely. Such profusions! and novelties every one of them—wholly different from last season's *vogue*. A satin liberty *gauze* with *rep* lines and satin *traverse* exquisitely "set off" with *dentelle* insertion is a gorgeous creation that is truly beyond description—mind, not verging on anything like a "flashy" effect, on the contrary, "quiet elegance," would more nearly give you an idea of its refined splendor.

If you have any friends contemplating entering the matrimonial state don't fail to tell them of the beautiful, shimmering *mousseline de soie*, of the pearly white so emblematic of pure womanhood, now being shown here.

But, there, other duties are demanding my attention. Ere I bid you goodbye, a word about those ever-appropriate black fabrics. *Niobe*, a new weave of Bonnet's, is really worthy of being named for the goddess of tears. Need I say more? *Peau cachemire*, one of the handsomest materials in black goods, bids fair closely to rival both the *Niobe* and *perle de soi*. These silks possess a lack-lustre, which lends a peculiar beauty that I am sure will prove irresistible to the aesthetic.

To tell you the truth, there is such a variety in both colored and black goods that I am in a quandary to know just what to advise you to choose. The only way that I am to make any de-

cision will be for you to visit me, then I'll take you to Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney's, and there we may revel in luxurious silks, satins and laces to our hearts' content. All the employees of this firm are courtesy itself to even a mere on-looker, which, of course, renders one's shopping a delight.

I shall be most happy to have you come Thursday. There's going to be an immense sale then.

I must desist.

Yours lovingly,
Alice Dwyer.

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THIS WEEK,
Charles Frohman presents
John Drew
in
**The Mummy and
The Humming Bird.**
Reg. Matinee Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY,
Henry Miller
in a modern comedy by
Richard Harding Davis
entitled
**The Taming
of Helen.**

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,
The Castle Square Opera
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Thursday Night,
BOHEMIAN GIRL
Friday Night,
FAUST
Saturday Matinee,
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NEXT SUNDAY
RETURN OF
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NEXT WEEK,

Bohemian Burlesquers

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CHORAL-SYMPHONY

ODEON,

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Soloists—Mme. Louise Homer, New York; Mrs.
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Symphony Orchestra, 60 Men—Grand Chorus—300 Voices

A limited number of extra seats to subscribers on application to
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WHITTIER AND HOLMES

Whittier was the opposite of Holmes; he was the poet of the plain people, born among them, and never parting company by virtue of education or that sort of growth which involves a change in social surroundings. His Quaker blood distinguished him from the others, who were all Unitarians; but the distinction is illusory, for his Quakerism did for him precisely what Unitarianism did for them in giving mildness and breadth to his religious spirit. It is by his piety that he most appeals now to the general heart; by his reminiscences of the outward form of New England country life and its domestic types, as in "Snowbound," he came near to the homes of the community as a whole, while as the anti-slavery poet he held a specific and historic place in the life of the times; the three strains of interest, especially when felt through the medium of his simple goodness, preserve his fame; moreover, as a people's poet whose humble manhood remained unspoiled, he is assured of long memory. As a type of character, he was as appropriate for the country as Holmes was for the city; though both are high types, and though it may seem paradoxical, Whittier had vastly the greater range. Both were deeply rooted in the soil, and had native history in their blood; both, too, were provincial in a way that their three great contemporaries were not.—Professor George Woodberry, in *Harper's Magazine*.

BOLLMAN'S RECITAL HALL

The first of the series of opening concerts at Bollman's Recital Hall was given Monday evening. It was an unqualified success and evoked high praise from all present. Soloists were Mrs. Mae Estelle Acton Harker, Soprano, and P. G. Anton, Cello. Both acquitted themselves in a manner that testified eloquently to their artistry of technique and interpretation. Music connoisseurs are assured that at all these concerts, only talent of the highest order will be produced.

The man who thought he had the knack of saying pleasant things, calculated to warm the cockles of the oldest heart, was revisiting the town in which he had spent a summer twenty years before.

"I'm Miss Mears. I don't know as you recall me," said a coquettish elderly spinster, approaching him in the post-office the day after his arrival.

The ready heart-warmer turned with his most beaming smile, and wrung her hand.

"Recall you!" he echoed, reproachfully. "As if I could help it, Miss Mears! Why, you are one of the landmarks of the town!"—Troy Press.

Algy—"She doesn't love me, so I suppose I'd better blow my brains out."
Willie—"Capital idea; do it, old man!"
Algy—"Why?"
Willie—"I heard her say you didn't have any."—New Yorker.



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is for men only.

Practically, it isn't. It is a favorite resort for lady passengers—a place where they go for an hour or two, while husband, brother, father or friend talks tariff revision and smokes a fragrant cigar.

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reduced to.....	
Men's \$6.00 Trousers	\$3.25
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Men's \$1.00 Monarch Shirts	49c
reduced to.....	
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Orpheus and
Eurydice

THE STOCK MARKET

Uncertainty is still reigning supreme in Wall Street's financial emporium. While the bulls do a good deal of shouting, they fail to accomplish anything of importance. The occasional rallies are but short-lived, and invariably productive of hasty liquidation by those who got "stuck" months ago. There is no "snap" to the market. Prices move but languidly and hesitatingly. The more one considers it, the more one is forced to the conclusion that there is something threatening overhanging the whole situation; that leading interests are afraid to act, and only looking for opportunities to dispose of the rest of their holdings in as unostentatious a manner as possible.

Does it not seem strange that, in spite of all the rigging, and manipulating and shouting, the prices of some leading securities are, at the present time, still below the high level reached before the crash that marked the culmination of the Northern Pacific "corner," on May 9th, 1901? Neither Union Pacific common, nor New York Central, nor Pennsylvania, nor Atchison preferred, nor Western Union, nor Amalgamated, nor any of the traction issues are selling at the prices then quoted. Some of them are, in fact, a good many points from top-notch. It is often stated that the bear prophets have been jamming wind all along, and that, notwithstanding their deprecatory utterances and gloomy warnings, prices have continued to rise without interruption during the past two years. Comparisons prove, however, that those persons who maintained, in 1901, that the then quoted prices were too high, made a pretty good guess and did not entirely talk through their hats.

While it must be admitted that many shares are now quoted at almost their highest level, it is certainly singular that the above enumerated issues, some of which have decided intrinsic merit, should not be able to make any headway. As stated here previously, New York Central and Pennsylvania are twenty points below the highest of last year, and they give indication of going still lower. The shares which moved up since the May, 1901, collapse were undoubtedly entitled to bull support and confidence. They had been utterly neglected before that time, for the reason, principally, that bull leaders had made it an object, after the conclusion of the Spanish-American war, first to boom stocks of reorganized roads—which were in the hands of promoters and which it was deemed necessary to dump on the market at big profits. Looking back over developments of the past four or five years, one cannot but arrive at the conclusion that the Morgan-Hill-Schiff struggle over the control of the Northern Pacific really marked the culmination of the boom which rested on

eager public buying and unlimited confidence, for, since then, the market has been almost exclusively in the hands of manipulators and promoters, who are not particularly honest in their methods of gambling, nor intent upon developing and building up properties. It is safe to predict that future chroniclers of stock speculation will consider the crash of May 9th, 1901, the real end of the boom and the beginning of the reaction, and subsequent events as mere manipulative manoeuvres and skirmishes, intended to hide the legitimate trend of affairs. The history of stock-booms proves that they invariably wind up with a colossal, sensational crash, which is afterwards followed by well-disguised, though, to the cautious, thinking observer, very perceptible sinking of values.

It is significant that the leading issues have adopted the habit of keeping in accord with money market developments. New York Central, for instance, is now at about the point where it should be, considering the rising tendency in the value of money, which even the prevailing low call rate cannot entirely obscure. And the same must be said of Pennsylvania, Atchison preferred, Union Pacific common and Manhattan. Stock-jobbing may, and often will, make the unsophisticated believe that interest rates count for naught in the shaping of the course of security values, but, in the end, it has to give way to legitimate conditions and to those principles which influence and guide investment demand. In certain Wall street quarters the belief still obtains that a sharp upward movement is approaching, and that the leaders are only waiting for the right moment to renew operations on the long side. The experienced trader, who knows what manipulation can accomplish, even in the face of most adverse conditions, will not care to assert that there is absolutely no reason to look for higher prices between now and May first. He knows that there is nothing more uncertain than the stock market. He knows that it often needs but a courageous, resourceful leader to convert the speculative crowd into one big, howling, heedless mob, frantically bidding for shares and anxious to buy at any old price. But he will, at the same time, and in spite of all the raucous talk on the part of bull riggers, cling to the belief that the real stock-boom is behind and no longer before us; that this is a time for caution and for selling remnants of holdings, and that the syndicates are making strenuous attempts to befuddle the public mind and only "whistling to keep up courage."

Times are still prosperous, but this alone does not constitute sufficient reason why stocks should go materially higher. Prevailing prices are on a basis that is not a good one to start from. And it must not be forgotten that the already vast mass of unsold securities is being constantly added to. The contemplated juggling with the capital of the Erie, and the proposed floating of new securities, are hardly calculated to sharpen the appetite of investors, or to make current prices more tempting. The Wall street bankers and syndicates are playing a desperate, though, for the time being, quite profitable game. They reap commissions for financing deals and then try to dispose of new securities at choice quotations. They engineer bull movements for the sole and simple purpose of furthering liquidation, not because they believe that existing conditions warrant a higher range of values.

Sterling exchange is at a very high point. It is close to the limit which will allow of gold exports. The tendency of money is towards London. Exchange is rising, not only in New York, but also in Berlin and Paris. At this writing, it is strongly probable that gold will be shipped within the next week or two, unless Morgan again contrives to prevent it by his ingenious makeshifts.

Wheat prospects will soon play an important role in market prognostications. Up to this time, nothing has occurred to

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reduce previous high crop estimates, but the most critical period is now fast approaching. If the wheat fields pass through the month of March and the first two weeks of April without serious hurt, the bull leaders may be able to give their followers another chance to reap profits on a moderate scale.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The movement of prices in the local market is of a mixed character. While some issues are a little lower, others have managed to creep up, in response to a spasmodic buying demand. Transactions are fairly large, but hardly up to the expectations of sanguine bulls. The shrewd investor is not much in evidence at the present time. He still seems to believe that prices are, taken as a whole, on an artificial basis and that a further reaction may be looked for with confidence. Current buying is essentially speculative. It emanates mostly from people who are anxious to make a profit of a few points, and who have no intention to hold for any length of time.

St. Louis Transit and United Railways preferred moved up quite sharply in the past week. The former is now selling at 29%, and the latter at 81%. The 4 per cent bonds are still sluggish, however, and may be bought at 85.

Bank of Commerce is weak. It is difficult to sell above 385. There appear to be too many who are waiting for an opportunity to sell stock bought months ago at 410 and above. Missouri Trust is steady at 127%. Commonwealth is quoted at 312. The report that all consolidation plans had been abandoned failed to stimulate the price of these shares. Title Guaranty is very weak, and selling, in small lots, at 91. Mechanics' National is selling at 293, State National at 206 and Colonial Trust at 200. For Third National 340 is asked, and for Germania Trust 234 1/2. Lincoln is quoted at 260% bid, 263 asked.

Missouri-Edison common is selling at 18%; the preferred is quoted at 47 bid, Central Coal & Coke common goes at 67 1/2, and American Credit Indemnity at 292. Bi-metallic is quoted at about 1.05 bid.

Laclede Gas common is firm and in demand at 92. Chicago Railway Equipment is quoted at 8.75 bid, 8.85 asked. St. Louis Brewing 6s are offered at 95 and Missouri-Edison 5s at 92 1/4.

Drafts on New York are at a slight premium. Sterling is strong, and quoted at 4.87 1/2. The country's bank clearances, for last week, showed a trifling decrease, as compared with the corresponding week in 1901.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

J. L. Wichita, Kans.—Would not sell Cotton Belt at present. The stock is strongly "tipped" for higher prices. The capitalization increase is not a bear argument, in this instance.

D. F. T.—Have not heard anything unfavorable on bonds mentioned, but would not advise purchases at current quotations. Missouri Trust is not too high, in my opinion.

"Subscriber," Macon, Mo.—The Jersey Central is controlled by the Reading. Late earnings have been very large. Consider bonds safe investment.

P. R. O'D.—Would hold Edison 5s for the present. Think they will yet go up to your level. The preferred is a better purchase than sale, after the big decline it has had.

"Flat."—Would take profit on bonds. Don't think the advance was legitimate. Keep out of General Electric; it is no speculative stock to hold on margin. Don't see anything tempting in North American, in spite of dividend declaration.

F. R. W., Corsicana, Tex.—Rock Island common is no purchase at present, although the "tip" to buy is still coming from Wall street. The bonds should go higher after a while. Leave Sugar alone. Brooklyn Rapid looks suspicious.

E. E. O.—Northern Securities pays 4 1/2 per cent. Dividend was increased lately. The Burlington surplus last year was not

up to expectations. Insiders predict that this year's earnings will not show any decrease.

N. R. R.—Consider bonds named a fairly good investment. The preferred is speculative. Permanency of dividends not assured yet. Prospective competition probably accounts for late weakness and decline. Besides this, operating expenses are still very heavy. Would hang on to both for the present.

A STRONG INSTITUTION.

It is a fine, impressive statement which the Germania Trust Company submits at the close of its first year's business. The deposits on February 10, 1903, amounted to the enormous total of \$2,036,761.53, and the next earnings to \$158,788.05. These figures speak volumes for the efficiency and wideawakeness and enterprise of the officials, at the head of which are such experienced, conservative financiers and business men as Henry Koehler, Sr., president; W. J. McDonald, Treasurer, and Thos. H. Wagner, secretary. Judging by the results obtained during the first year of the company's existence, the expectation is warranted that those of the current year will be still more satisfactory and still more indicative of the confidence which the public has in this new, strong financial institution, and in the conservatism and sagacious, business-like management of the officials.

COMMENCED BUSINESS
FEB. 10, 1902.

Capital,
Full Paid,
\$1,000,000

Germania Trust Company,

N. W. Cor. Fourth and Olive Streets.

W. L. McDONALD, Treasurer.
THOS. H. WAGNER, Secretary.

HENRY KOEHLER, Sr., President,
E. L. BENOIST, Bond Officer.
JOHN S. CARTER, Real Estate Officer.

Surplus and
Earnings,
\$1,158,000

CONDENSED STATEMENT AT THE CLOSE OF ONE YEAR'S BUSINESS,

FEBRUARY, 10, 1903.

RESOURCES.

Loans on Collateral Security.....	\$2,804,966.51
Loans on Real Estate Security.....	205,024.41
Stocks.....	6,001.00
Overdrafts.....	1,677.52
Bonds.....	364,920.00
Real Estate (Carleton Bldg.).....	200,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	17,500.00
Cash and Sight Exchanges.....	588,444.70
All Other Resources.....	7,015.44

\$4,195,549.58

LIABILITIES.

Capital.....	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus.....	1,000,000.00
Net Earnings.....	158,788.05
Deposits.....	2,036,761.53

\$4,195,549.58

STEADY GROWTH THE BEST TOKEN OF PUBLIC APPROVAL.

Financial condition at close of business } Deposits \$785,647.43
April 30, 1902..... } Net Earnings..... \$3,317.15
Call of Secretary of State.

Financial condition at close of business } Deposits \$1,314,922.23
October 31, 1902..... } Net Earnings..... \$76,859.06
Call of Secretary of State.

Financial condition at close of business } Deposits \$2,036,761.53
February 10, 1903..... } Net Earnings..... \$158,788.05
End of first year's business.

February 10, 1903.

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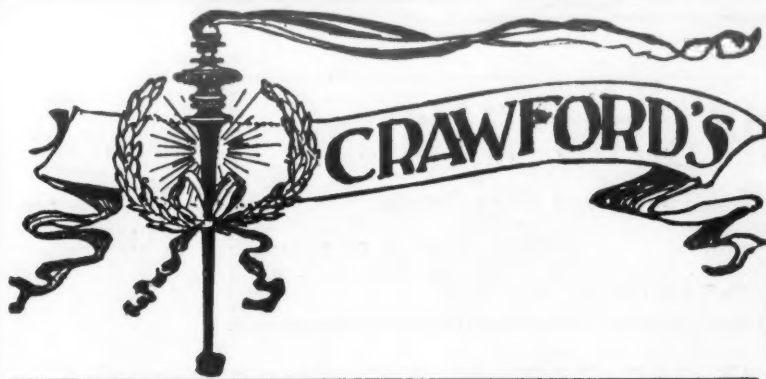
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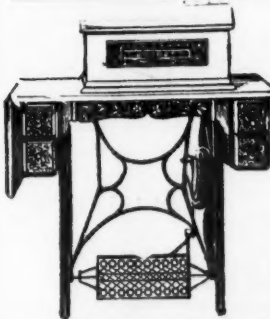
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\$9.98 for a \$15.00 Dinner Set

25 fine Austrian dinner sets, last year's patterns, but really more delicate and dainty than this year's productions. The Austrian China is as delicate as French and this is the greatest offer ever made; this set consists of 100 pieces, cheap at \$15.00, while they last—

\$9.98



\$13.49 for a Sewing Machine.

Three drawers; warranted for 10 years; same as all dealers ask \$25 for; this sale, **\$13.49**

3 Big Specials in Trunks.

Canvas Trunks with straps, well made.....**\$2.98**
Canvas Trunks, brass trimmed, well protected, a high-grade trunk, worth \$6.50; special, **\$4.98**
Then a fine \$10.00 Trunk, strictly up-to-date, for one day only.....**\$7.50**
\$2.00 Suit Cases, good catches and lock.....**\$1.25**



Buy Your Garden Hose Now

While this lot lasts. Factories do not sell Garden Hose in less than 500-foot bales. Our buyer has found one of the largest factories with a number of broken bales and sections made up for samples, which we now offer, as we have no room to store same, 3, 4 and 5-ply of best grades only, including couplings and best rubber washers, ready for attaching to the hydrant; value \$5.00 to \$7.00 per section of 50 feet—

\$3.98 and \$2.98

Silver-Plated Knives and Forks, worth \$2.25—this sale.....**\$1.49**



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Why! Because each week we have a new lot of samples, which we sell 50 per cent cheaper than any house in town. The layouts for this week are prettier than ever and at bargain prices. We have them at any price you want to pay, from

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10c a Day Buys any Stove or Range in the House 10c

A four-hole Gas Range, the Favorite, best in the world, guaranteed, set up complete in your house.....**\$15.00**

A four-hole Coal Range, set up in your house, worth \$30.00, for.....**\$19.95**

200 Wood Heating Stoves.....**98c**

Nickel-trimmed Coal Heaters, worth \$7.50, for.....**\$4.75**

Full-sized Laundry Stove, for coal, worth \$5.00, for.....**\$3.50**



Gasoline Stove

Best Make,
Warranted,

like cut,
\$2.98



French China Cups and Saucers, rich decorations, worth \$2.25, a set of 6, for.....**\$1.35**

VASES.

One lot of Vases in Treplitz Ware, assorted shapes, large size, worth 98c, while they last.....**49c**

PICTURES—Almost Cut in Half.

20c Pictures cut to.....**9c**
39c Pictures cut to.....**19c**
50c Pictures cut to.....**25c**
85c Pictures cut to.....**49c**
\$2.00 Pictures cut to.....**98c**
\$5.00 Pictures cut to.....**\$3.49**
\$7.50 Pictures cut to.....**\$4.98**



Gas Fixture Department.

We are making room for Spring, 1903, Designs, hence Big Reductions on all Fixtures quoted below:

Solid Brass One-light drop.....**49c**

Single Brackets.....**25c**

2-light Brass Chandelier, worth \$2, for.....**\$1.19**

2-light, worth \$3.50, for.....**\$1.98**

2-light, worth \$5.50, for.....**\$3.49**

3-light Gas Chandelier, worth \$3.50 for.....**\$1.69**

3-light Chandelier, worth \$6.50, for.....**\$3.98**

3-light Chandelier, worth \$10.00, for.....**\$6.49**

4-light Chandelier, worth \$4.25, for.....**\$2.39**

4-light Chandelier, worth \$7.00, for.....**\$4.49**

4-light Chandelier, worth \$15.00, for.....**\$10.50**

15 fine Sample Chandeliers,
HALF PRICE.

5 gross Gas Globes, worth 15c, for...**9c**

3 gross assorted Gas Globes, worth 35c, for.....**19c**

20 designs in fine Globes, worth 60c, for.....**35c**

Welsbach Light, complete, like cut, worth 85c, for.....**49c**

High-grade Gas Mantles, worth 15c, this sale.....**2 for 15c**

A well-known brand high-grade Mantle, worth 25c, for.....**17c**

Hall Light, all brass, worth \$2.50, for.....**\$1.49**



\$3.50 Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, neat decorations.....**\$2.29**

One lot of high-grade Chamber Sets, with jar—all are slightly imperfect—worth up to \$2.50—choice.....**\$4.98**



WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

WOULD I BE SHRIVED?

(Francois Villon, being about to die, a worthy friar would fain have shrived him, and did earnestly exhort that he should confess him at this time of those acts of his life which he did regret. Villon bade him return yet again, that he might have time to think of his sins. Upon the good father's return, Villon was dead; but by his side were the following verses, his last, wherein he set forth things which he did regret. Whereat the friar was sore grieved, and hid them away among the manuscripts of his abbey, showing them to no man; yet they were found in some wise. The name of the friar, and the very place where stood the abbey, are forgot; but the verses have endured unto this day.)

I, Francois Villon, ta'en at last
To this rude bed where all must lie,
Fain would forget the turbid past
And lay me down in peace, to die.
"Would I be shrived?" Ah, can I tell?
My sins but trifles seem to be,
Nor worth the dignity of hell;
If not, then ill avails to me
To name them one and all—and yet—
There be some things which I regret!

The sack of abbeys, many a brawl,
A score of knife-thrusts in the dark,
Forced oft, by Fate, against the wall,
And years in donjons, cold and stark—
These crimes and pains seem far away
Now that I come at length to die;
'Tis idle for the past to pray,
('Tis hopeless for the past to sigh) :
These are a troubled dream—and yet—
For them I have but scant regret!

The toil my mother lived to know,
What years I lay in gyves for debt;
A pretty song heard long ago:
Where, I know not; when, I forget;
The crust I once kept for my own
(Though all too scant for my poor use),
The friend I left to die alone,
(*Pardie!* the watchman pressed us close!)
Trifles against my crimes to set!
Yet these are all which I regret.

Captains and cut-throats, not a few,
And maidens fair of many a clime
Have named me friend in the wild past
When as we wallowed in the slime;
Gamblers and rogues and clever thieves,
And unfrocked priests, a sorry crew,
(How stubbornly the memory cleaves
To all who have befriended you!)
I drain a cup to them—and yet—
'Tis not for such I feel regret!

My floundered horse, who died for me
(Nor whip nor spur was his, I ween!)
That day the hangman looked to see
Poor Villon earth and sky between!
A mongrel cur who shared my lot
Three bitter winters on the Ile:
He held the rabble off, God wot,
One time I cheated in the deal:
'Twas but an instant, while I fled
Down a vile alley, known to me—
Back in the tavern he lay dead;
The gamblers raged—but I went free!
Humble, poor brutes at best; and yet—
They are the friends whom I regret!

And eke the lilies were a-blow
Through all the sunny fields of France,
I marked one whiter than the snow
And would have gathered it, perchance,
Had not some trifle I forget

(A bishop's loot, a cask of wine
Filched from some carbet—a bet—)
Distracted this wild head of mine.
A childish fancy this, and yet—
It is a thing that I regret!

Again, I rode through Picardy
What time the vine was in the bud;
A little maiden smiled on me,
I might have kissed her, an I would!
I've known a thousand maidens since,
And many have been kind to me—
I've never seen one quite so fair
As she, that day in Picardy.
Ashes of roses, these, and yet—
They are the things which I regret!

One perfect lily grew for me,
And blossomed on another's breast;
Others have clasped the little hands
Whose rosy palms I might have pressed;
So, as I die, my wasted youth
Mocks my dimeye and fading breath:—
Still, I have lived! And having lived
That much is mine. I mock at death!
I should confess, you say? But yet—
For life alone I have regret!

ENVOY.

O bubbles of the vanished wine
To which my lips were never set!
O lips that dimpled close to mine,
Whose ruddy warmth I never met!
Father, but trifles these, and yet—
They are the things which I regret!
—John D. Swain in the Critic.



"Miss Olmade appears to be exceedingly anxious to get married."
"Perhaps she fears that if she doesn't people will think it's because she's old enough to know better."—Town Talk.

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